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THE MOST EXCITING RESCUE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MOTOR-BOAT DISASTER: MADAME DU GAST, COMMANDER OF THE "CAMILLE,"
RESCUED BY THE CRUISER "KLÉRER."

DRAWING BY JOHANNSON.

The particulars of Madame du Gast's narrow escape are given on another page; and the six lost motor-boats and the one that escaped are also illustrated.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSIEN.

The sturdy malcontent from Northampton who tried to make a speech to the House of Commons from the Strangers' Gallery has all my sympathies. His purpose was frustrated; but he showed his pluck again by a gallant attempt to walk up the floor of the House. There was a struggle with doorkeepers and other minions, and Mr. Gribble yielded to superior force. I think the House would have welcomed the intrusion. It would have been refreshing to see Mr. Gribble, with a sacrilegious hand on the Bauble, glaring with impartial hostility at both the Front Benches. Parliamentarians must be terribly bored sometimes by their own procedure; and the sight of Mr. Gribble stamping on Order, smashing Order, as you might say, to smithereens, making it very difficult to put Order together again, and keep a grave face over it, would have been worth living for, worth all the bother and expense of getting into Parliament. An M.P., issuing his farewell address to his constituents, and alleging every reason for not seeking re-election, except the right one—that he is bored to death—might wind up with a burst of candour: "Never mind! I have not sat in Parliament in vain. I have seen Gribble!" A century hence, his descendants, remembering nothing else of him, might say with pride that he took part in the famous scene when Gribble rushed into the House, and abused the Bauble.

The more I think of it the more I grieve that Mr. Gribble failed in his great purpose. But he did make his voice heard in the Strangers' Gallery, and that is something. I recall the night, ages ago, when I paid my first visit to that Gallery. The proceedings below were very tedious, and I waited in vain for drama. I saw Gladstone and Bright sitting together; but neither of them had the kindness to get up and make a rousing speech for my benefit. All the Strangers melted away except myself, and I thought it would be pleasant to stretch my legs along the empty bench. But the minion of the Gallery murmured hoarsely in my ear: "You mustn't do that. The Speaker has got his Eye on you!" Ah! why didn't I seize that chance, and bounce to my feet, and cry: "Mr. Speaker, I am officially informed that I have the good fortune to catch your Eye. Permit me to say this is the first time I have been in this House, and I find it a very dull place. Mr. Speaker, I like your Eye—what I have seen of it; and I have no doubt that you and I between us could make this Mother of Parliaments a much livelier old party if—" At that point, the stupefied minion would have recovered his wits and cut my oratory short; and on the motion of Gladstone or Bright (I wonder which) I should have been committed gloriously to the Clock Tower.

Not in my time, probably, but some day the House of Commons will be driven by sheer weariness to welcome the intervention of the Strangers in debate. Such an innovation will need a fresh and directing mind, say, Mr. Winston Churchill's when he is Prime Minister. He will rise some evening and say: "Mr. Speaker, I think the House has contributed to this discussion all it knows; but instead of moving the closure, I move that we invite some new idea from the Strangers' Gallery. I perceive a constituent of mine in the front row, and I shall be glad to hear his views. (Opposition cries of "Oh!") I assure honourable members opposite that, although the gentleman upstairs is a constituent of mine, he did not vote for me. (Ministerial cheers.) I make this proposal, you see, in no party spirit. It is simply with a desire to enliven our debates, and, to tell you the honest truth, to keep myself awake." This admirable precedent once established, what more natural than that Strangers with grievances should rise in the Gallery and state them without any fear of minions? Nay, I look forward to the time when, in affectionate memory of the herald of this great reform, a statue of Mr. Gribble will be erected within the precincts of the Parliament Houses, and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies by Mr. Winston Churchill.

A correspondent writes: "Your remarks about the lighting of the Ladies' Gallery as a temptation to read novels there suggest a picture not unworthy of Mr. F. C. Gould's delightful pencil. In my mind's eye I see a lady in that Gallery absorbed in one of Mr. Thomas Hardy's masterpieces. The title of the book is not very distinct to me, but I think it is 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' The reader, I fancy, is the daughter of one eminent Parliamentarian, and the wife of another. The madding crowd! Do you believe she is paying the slightest attention to the Vote of Censure bawling below, although it is supported by her father the Free Fooder and resented by her husband the Tariff Reformer?" As this question seems to trench on party politics, I offer no opinion. But I should think that any of Mr. Hardy's books would keep a visitor to the Ladies' Gallery in a state of indifference to Bills, and

even to breaches of the sacred Order. Perhaps the Parliamentary papas and spouses will issue edicts against novels, or, at any rate, against novels that are likely to be absorbing. I notice that a member of the Government, in a speech to some society or other, complained of a lack of parental supervision for the novel-reading of the young. Depend upon it, he is uneasy about the lighting of the Ladies' Gallery.

In these days of unlimited access to the printed word, who is to supervise the reading of novels? One suggestion is that a committee of the prudent should be appointed to draw up a catalogue, which might be consulted by parents. Imagine the members of this committee reading all the novels of the season, to sift the safe from the perilous! Is any human being equal to such a task? Even were it attempted, would the committee be likely to agree? And were a catalogue achieved, what an advertisement for the works it did not embrace! The danger, as I learn from the patentee of this wonderful idea, is that simple-minded young persons may think a novel represents life, when it does no such thing. I should like to attend a meeting of the committee when they discussed real life. I should like to ask permission to quote from irreproachable authorities, who have openly relished the life depicted in some works which, I must say, have staggered me. By the time the committee had decided what life is, and how it should be represented in fiction, they would have a very small balance of their own lives for framing that catalogue. It might let in some fearful wild-fowl on the highest recommendation, or it might be constructed on the principles of Clive Newcome's sister-in-law, who, after she had wedded a Scottish divine, renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, as figured by waxworks and the Tower of London.

You can excite a prejudice against anything, even against the gigantic reptile unearthed in Wyoming after a repose of two million years or so, and known to science by such pleasant names as Dinosaur and Diplodocus. Mr. Carnegie has presented a model of its skeleton, nearly ninety feet long, to the Natural History Museum. There may be people who will refuse its acquaintance or deny that it ever existed. Perhaps Miss Marie Corelli suspects that it has been invented to advertise Mr. Carnegie. A scientific Peer is reported to have said that its brain was the size of a woman's. Not the most tactful comparison, though all he meant was that, for its enormous bulk, its brain was disproportionately small. The same might be said of his, if it were attached to ninety feet of bone. But you can see how easy it is to make the poor old Diplodocus an unwelcome intruder, and to create an impression that the life it led in Wyoming was scarcely orthodox. Certainly it does not conform to everybody's sense of what is fitting in natural history; and I should not be surprised to hear that in some households its name is never mentioned.

Are the inmates of Worcester Jail permitted to read novels? "It's Never Too Late to Mend" might be a suitable work for a prison library. Apparently "The Essays of Elia" are interdicted. A reverend gentleman, who would not pay his education rate, has been enjoying the hospitality of the Government at Worcester; but he was not allowed to take Elia with him. He had chosen three companions—Thomas à Kempis, Julius Caesar, and Charles Lamb; but the Governor of Worcester Jail drew the line at Lamb. Had he heard that Charles—Thackeray's St. Charles—was put in the stocks one Sunday morning for unseemly behaviour? It happened at Barnet; and there is no authority for the incident except the candid Lamb himself, who does not tell us what the behaviour was. Perhaps he whistled when the Barnet dignitaries were going into church. The late Duke of Argyll was a man of the highest principles; but when he whistled absently at a window in Edinburgh on the Sabbath, an old lady in the street cried to him: "Ye auld reprobate!"

Perhaps the Governor of Worcester Jail thought that Elia was no fit associate for such reputable persons as Thomas à Kempis and Caesar. The official explanation is that the visitor could not be allowed to have more than two of his own books. Then why not have excluded the eminent Julius? Surely Elia, after all, is more akin than the Roman to Thomas à Kempis; and it must be less soothing for a prisoner to read the Commentaries than to read the Essay on Roast Pig. I have decided, however, that if I should be put under restraint for disrespect to the law, I shall give my prison thoughts to a reform of punctuation, with the help of Mr. Anthony Hope's speech to the Correctors of the Press. "Down with commas!" says Mr. Anthony Hope.

When in jail, I'll fix my soul on
Virtue and the Semi-Colon;
Only way to wean her from a
Bad attachment to the Comma.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour made a very important statement of the views held by the Committee of Defence about our Imperial needs. With regard to the defence of these islands, Mr. Balfour declared that invasion was practically impossible. He took as "a friendly illustration" an imaginary attempt to make a descent on our coasts from France. The debarkation of an expeditionary force of 70,000 men would be defeated by torpedo-boats and submarines, even in the absence of our battle-ships. The hostile transports would be helpless. From this calculation Mr. Balfour argued that no great military force was needed on our own shores. But the problem of our military strength in India was very grave. Mr. Balfour declared that any attempt on the part of Russia to advance her strategic railway system to the Afghan border would be treated as an act of aggression; and therefore we must be prepared to reinforce the Indian Army with at least eighty thousand men in addition to the ordinary drafts.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman commended the Prime Minister's statement, especially with regard to India. Sir Charles Dilke welcomed it as a proof that certain wasteful theories of national defence had at last been abandoned.

The Women's Enfranchisement Bill was talked out by Mr. Labouchere. The Welsh members raised a debate on the case of Merionethshire under the Defaulting Authorities Act, contending that the Church schools in that county had not complied with the regulations about structural efficiency. Sir William Anson suggested that such an argument was merely a pretext, and that the law would have been resisted just the same even if there had been no plea about inefficiency. He accused the Welsh members of sacrificing the children—an imputation hotly resented by Mr. Lloyd-George. The Government majority was 98. In the division on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's motion of censure on the Irish administration of the Government it was 63.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Octave Mirbeau's "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," which Mr. Grundy has adapted for His Majesty's Theatre, under the title of "Business is Business," is less a play than an elaborately detailed portrait of a single—and very unsympathetic—character. It is, in fact, a ferocious satire on the modern type of vulgar plutocrat, an intimate and relentless study of a vain, gross, unscrupulous, uneducated, and repulsively self-centred Superman of finance. Love cuts no figure here, and there is but one moment in the piece of compelling drama, the playwright concentrating all his energies on the exposition of his truculent egotist's unamiable personality. Isidore Izard, as Mr. Grundy renames him, thus giving him happily the symbolical initials "I. I.," but making him needlessly a Jew, has risen from shady—nay, criminal beginnings to a position of Napoleonic wealth and influence. We are shown the man gazing with rapt self-absorption on his own full-length likeness; we hear him bragging of his lands, his cattle, and all that is his because it is his; we watch him expending infinite pains on marrying his daughter into the peerage and building up for his son a great dynasty. But it is just in his family ambitions, the boy's violent death following on the girl's *mésalliance*, that catastrophe overtakes him, and yet, even in his great hour of discomfiture, he is still found taking delight in pulling off a deal and besting a rival. In this one-part "drama" Mr. Tree rises to his opportunities, and than his Izard not even his Svengali was a more striking piece of character-acting. All the details of the man—his coarse humour, his fat, self-satisfied laugh, his intolerable loudness, as well as his naïve worship of himself, his unconquerable faith in the power of money, and his pathetic affection for his caddish son—are touched in by Mr. Tree with a thoroughness which may render the picture somewhat over-coloured, but cannot obscure the bold, impressive lines of its masterly draughtsmanship.

THE MERMAID REPERTORY THEATRE.

At the Great Queen Street playhouse this week, the company of the Mermaid Repertory Theatre has been showing once more to great advantage in the two old comedies the revivals of which were the happiest and most successful features of Mr. Philip Carr's Royalty season. Vanbrugh's "Confederacy" has been played the first half of the week, and Beaumont and Fletcher's delightful mock-heroic burlesque of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" has filled the bill during the last three days. In both good work has been done by such sound players as Mr. Frank Lascelles and Mr. W. H. Kemble; but the acting of commanding merit comes, of course, from Mrs. Theodore Wright, whose impersonations of Mrs. Amlet, the vulgar old clothes-dealer of "The Confederacy," and again of the purse-proud and blatantly ignorant citizeness of Beaumont and Fletcher's travesty, are marked by the broadest and most full-blooded humour, and yet by a perfect sense of character. If but to see this superb comédienne, who can only be compared to-day with Mrs. John Wood, a visit to the Mermaid Repertoire Theatre would be always worth while.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S VOGUE AT THE COURT.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays have at length become the vogue, and, to avoid the reproach of the label of "Broadbent," which means the same thing nowadays as to be accused of having a provincial mind, Society chuckles over the caustic Irishman's wit as if for all the world it thoroughly understood and revelled in his sallies, as if it would avoid his thrusts with the implied suggestion, "Our withers are unwrung." And if we must have a fashion in plays, it is certainly well that fashion should devote itself to dramatic work which has the saving grace of intellect, even though

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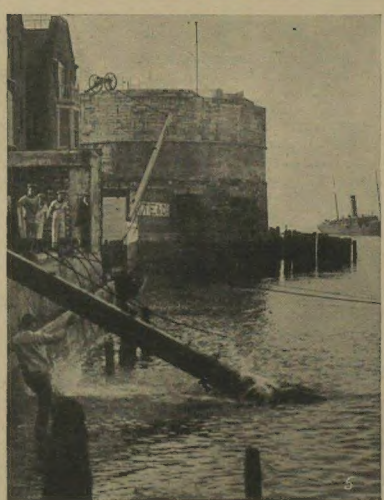
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 Elder. 9s.)
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With Russia, Japanese, and Chinchese. Ernest Brindle. (Murray. 6s.)
Paris and the Social Revolution. Alvan Francis Sanborn. (Hutchinson.
 50s. 15s.)
Love's Journey. Ethel Clifford. (Lane. 5s.)
Mr. Chippendale of Port Welcome. Charles Fellows. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

FREDERIC H. MADDEN, Secretary.

SEALING PORTSMOUTH AGAINST AN ENEMY: THE EXPERIMENTS IN BOOM-DEFENCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB.



1. CONNECTING THE BOOMS FOR INTERLACING WITH THOSE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

2. PORTSMOUTH SEALED: THE BOOMS STRETCHED ACROSS THE HARBOUR FROM PORTSMOUTH TO GOSPORT.

3. A FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE: THE BOOM, WITH MOVABLE "GATES" FOR TEMPORARY INGRESS, ACROSS THE NARROW ENTRANCE.

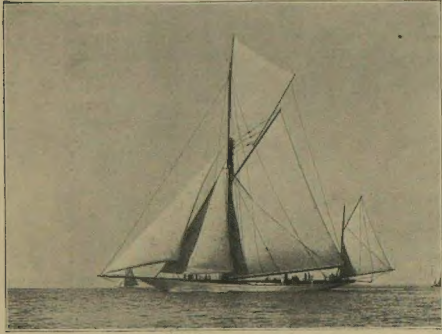
4. HOPING TO SEE A BOAT JUMP THE BOOM: THE CROWD DURING THE EXPERIMENTS.

5. BLUEJACKETS LAUNCHING A PORTION OF THE BOOM.

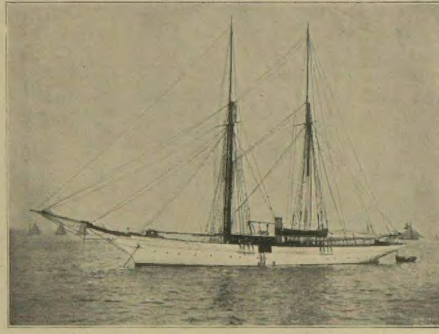
Portsmouth was sealed on May 11 by a great boom of chains and spiked timber baulks, one hundred and twenty in number, each forty feet long, and weighing nearly one ton. The boom was built in sections, which were connected in the early morning, the harbour remaining closed for twelve hours. The effectiveness of the steel spikes was proved by an unrehearsed effect. A dockyard launch drifted on to the boom, and had her hull so badly pierced that it was necessary to beach her for repairs.

A TRANS-ATLANTIC YACHT RACE: THE ELEVEN COMPETITORS FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WEST, BIKEN, BROWN, BYRON, KIRK.



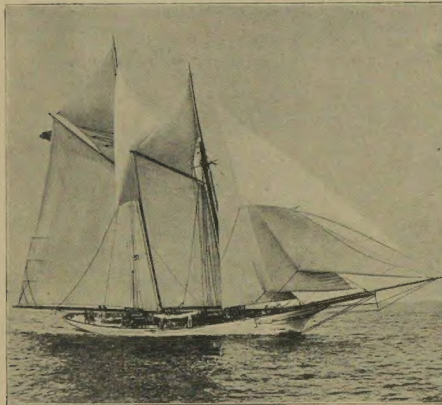
"AILSA" (YAWL); OWNER, MR. H. S. REDMOND.
English built, 80 ft. long, 25.5 ft. beam, draft 16.6 ft.



"HAMBURG" (SCHOONER); OWNER, GERMAN SYNDICATE.
English built, 116 ft. long, 23.9 ft. beam, draft 15 ft.



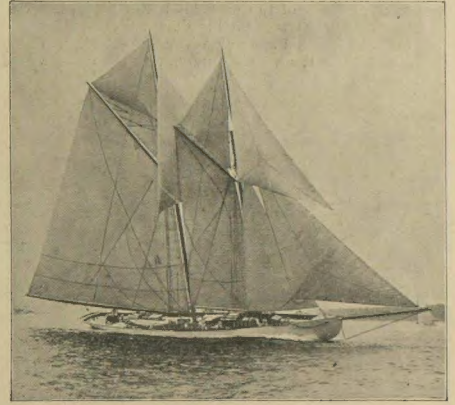
"ENDYMION" (AUX. SCHOONER); OWNER, MR. G. LAUDER.
American built, 101 ft. long, 24.4 ft. beam, draft 14 ft.



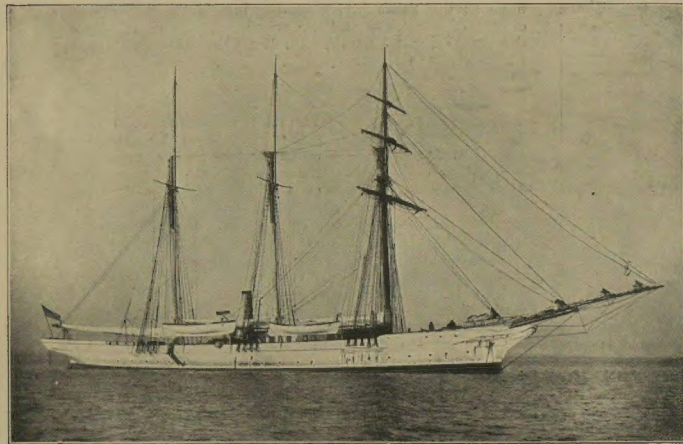
"FLEUR-DE-LYS" (SCHOONER); OWNER, MR. L. A. STIMSON.
American built, 86.5 ft. long, 21.0 ft. beam, draft 13 ft.



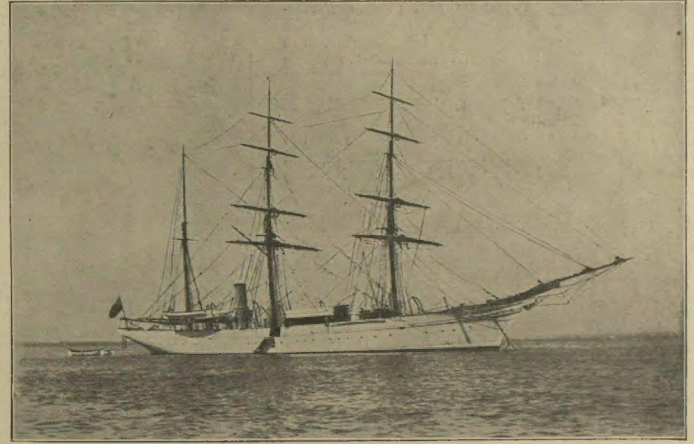
"VALHALLA" (AUX. SHIP); OWNER, LORD CRAWFORD.
English built, 240 ft. long, 37.2 ft. beam, draft 20 ft.



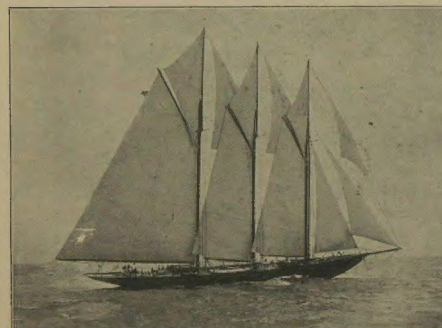
"HILDEGARDE" (SCHOONER); OWNER, MR. E. R. COLEMAN.
American built, 103.4 ft. long, 26 ft. beam, draft 16.6 ft.



LORD BRASSEY'S FAMOUS "SUNBEAM."
Auxiliary schooner, English built, 154.7 ft. long, 27.6 ft. beam, draft 13.9 ft.



"APACHE" (AUX. BARQUE); OWNER, MR. E. RANDOLPH.
English built, 178 ft. long, 28 ft. beam, draft 16.6 ft.



"ATLANTIC" (AUX. SCHOONER); OWNER, MR. W. MARSHALL.
American built, 135 ft. long, 29 ft. beam, draft 16.5 ft.



"THISTLE" (SCHOONER); OWNER, MR. R. E. TOD.
American built, 110 ft. long, 27.8 ft. beam, draft 14 ft.



"UTOWANA" (AUX. SCHOONER); OWNER, MR. A. V. ARMOUR.
American built, 155 ft. long, 27.8 ft. beam, draft 14.6 ft.

The eleven yachts for the trans-Atlantic race from Sandy Hook to the Lizard started on May 17. Captain Barr, of America's Cup fame, is in command of the "Atlantic," which is the latest example of American ship-building. The two English competitors are Lord Crawford's "Valhalla" (which should do well with strong south-westerly winds) and Lord Brassey's famous "Sunbeam." The "Hamburg," formerly known as the "Rainbow," is the only representative of Germany in a contest for a German prize. She is an English-built vessel, bought and fitted out by a Hamburg syndicate.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND THE NEW GUNS.

The question of re-arming the Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery occupied the King on the morning of May 13, when his Majesty held a private inspection of new guns. The weapons, which were taken to Buckingham Palace, were in this instance those which are to be sent to India, and in due course the whole artillery service will be re-armed with guns of the same pattern. A column of guns and waggons, thirty-six vehicles in all, proceeded to the Palace under the command of Colonel E. B. Coke. The batteries had marched from Woolwich by road, and accomplished the distance of twelve miles in two hours and a half. The guns are painted a dull grey-green, and with the new recoil-attachments are very different from the slim weapons which were used in the South African War. One gun from each battery was brought up to his Majesty at the Palace steps, and the mechanism was minutely explained. Thereafter a detachment gave a practical demonstration of the working. Among those who attended the King during the inspection were the Duke of Connaught and Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Norway.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson, who died on the 10th inst., was born on Nov. 22, 1820, and began his commercial career in a merchant's office in Liverpool. He was one of the pioneers of the Cleveland iron trade, but private interests did not prevent his doing a good deal of public work. He was a staunch advocate of technical education, he visited the various manufacturing centres here and on the Continent to report on the education



Photo. Manill and Fox.

THE LATE SIR B. SAMUELSON,
PARLIAMENTARIAN, AND A PIONEER OF
THE CLEVELAND IRON TRADE.



THE LATE DR. J. E. DUTTON,
OF THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF
TROPICAL MEDICINE.



Photo. J. Palmer Clarke.

DR. M. R. JAMES,
NEW PROVOST OF KING'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.



Photo. Russell.

THE REV. JOHN COX LEEKE,
NEW BISHOP-SUFFRAGAN OF
WOOLWICH.



Photo. Russell.

THE REV. CECIL HOOK,
NEW BISHOP-SUFFRAGAN OF
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

of the workers, and at various times he was a member of the Duke of Devonshire's Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and of the Royal Commission on Elementary Education, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction and of the Parliamentary Committee on Railways, a member of the various associations connected with his business, and M.P. for Banbury and for North Oxfordshire, in which Banbury was merged.

Dr. Montague Rhodes James, the new Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and, by the way, the first layman to hold the office since 1675, is a son of the Rev. Herbert James, Rector of Livermere, Suffolk, and a brother of the Headmaster of Malvern. He was educated at Eton, and at King's, where he obtained numerous distinctions. Elected to a Fellowship, he held various minor college offices, and was then appointed tutor, a position he resigned soon after he was chosen Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum. He was elected Sanders Reader in Bibliography in 1903.

Of the two new Bishops-Suffragan, the Rev. John Cox Leeke, Hon. Canon of Rochester Cathedral and Rural Dean of Woolwich, who has been appointed Bishop-Suffragan of Woolwich, was admitted to orders in 1867, and has been curate of Wanstead, and of Holbrooke, Derbyshire, and Rector of Kidbrooke. The Rev. Cecil Hook, Vicar of All Saints', Leamington, and Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral, new Bishop-

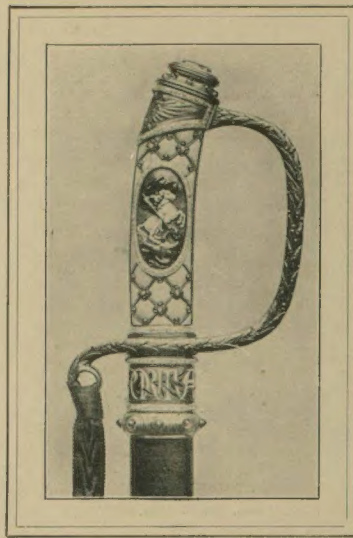


Photo. Chevalier et Dufour.

A SWORD OF HONOUR FOR STOESEL,
ADMIRER BY THE KING AT THE PARIS SALON.

The sword has been designed by Falz. It was seen and greatly admired by King Edward during his recent visit.



THE WINNER OF THE GREAT JUBILEE HANDICAP
AT KEMPTON PARK: AMBITION.

Mr. T. W. Blenkiron's Ambition won the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Handicap of 3000 sovereigns on May 13. The King was present at the race.

Suffragan of Kingston-on-Thames, was ordained in 1868, and has been curate of St. John's Redland, Bristol, Rector of All Saints', Chichester, of All Souls', Leeds, and of Oswestry, and Rural Dean of Oswestry.

Dr. Joseph Everett Dutton, who has died suddenly from tick fever contracted during an expedition to the Congo, was one of the most talented servants of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. He began his investigations into the causes of the diseases peculiar to the Tropics five years ago, when he went to Nigeria. The following year found him journeying to Gambia alone, in order that he might produce an anti-malarial report. His last expedition began in 1903.

THE "FURRY" DANCE AT HELSTON.

Nobody really knows what is the origin of the quaint May celebration which is known at Helston as the "Furry" Dance. The most plausible suggestion is that it is a remnant of the worship of the goddess Flora, although there is also a legend which we have quoted under our Illustration on another page. The dance is held every year on the Wednesday nearest to the 8th of May. Early in the morning a party of young men and women go into the country to breakfast, and about seven o'clock they return to town for the dance. The women wear summer costumes, with garlands, and the men morning-dress, with flowers in their hats and bouquets in their coats. The company assemble opposite the Town Hall, and from there the dance begins, the procession led by a band playing an immemorial composition peculiar to the occasion. For the first part of the time the dancers trip forward in couples, each man leading his partner with his right hand. At the second part of the tune, the first

man turns with both hands the woman behind him, and her partner turns in the same way with the first woman, returning thereafter to the original measure. The dancers may enter houses, courts and gardens, none saying them nay, until they have made the entire circuit of the town, and the scene is at its prettiest as the procession winds through the pleasure-grounds for which Helston is remarkable.

SCHILLER AND CERVANTES CELEBRATIONS.

The last week has seen two great national celebrations—one in Spain in honour of the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Don Quixote"; the other in Germany and Austria in commemoration of the death of Schiller. On May 8 and the following days Madrid was *en fête* to celebrate Spain's one book and its author. King Alfonso took part in the ceremonies. On the second day there was a procession of symbolical cars recalling incidents of Cervantes' life and works. One commemorated his share in the battle of Lepanto, and another the immortal tilt at the windmill. Schiller's death-day was observed at Berlin, Vienna, Weimar, Würtemberg, Dessau, and many other towns in Germany and Austria. We illustrate one of the most picturesque of the Austrian pageants—the procession of school-children in the costume of 1805.



Sir William Broadbent.

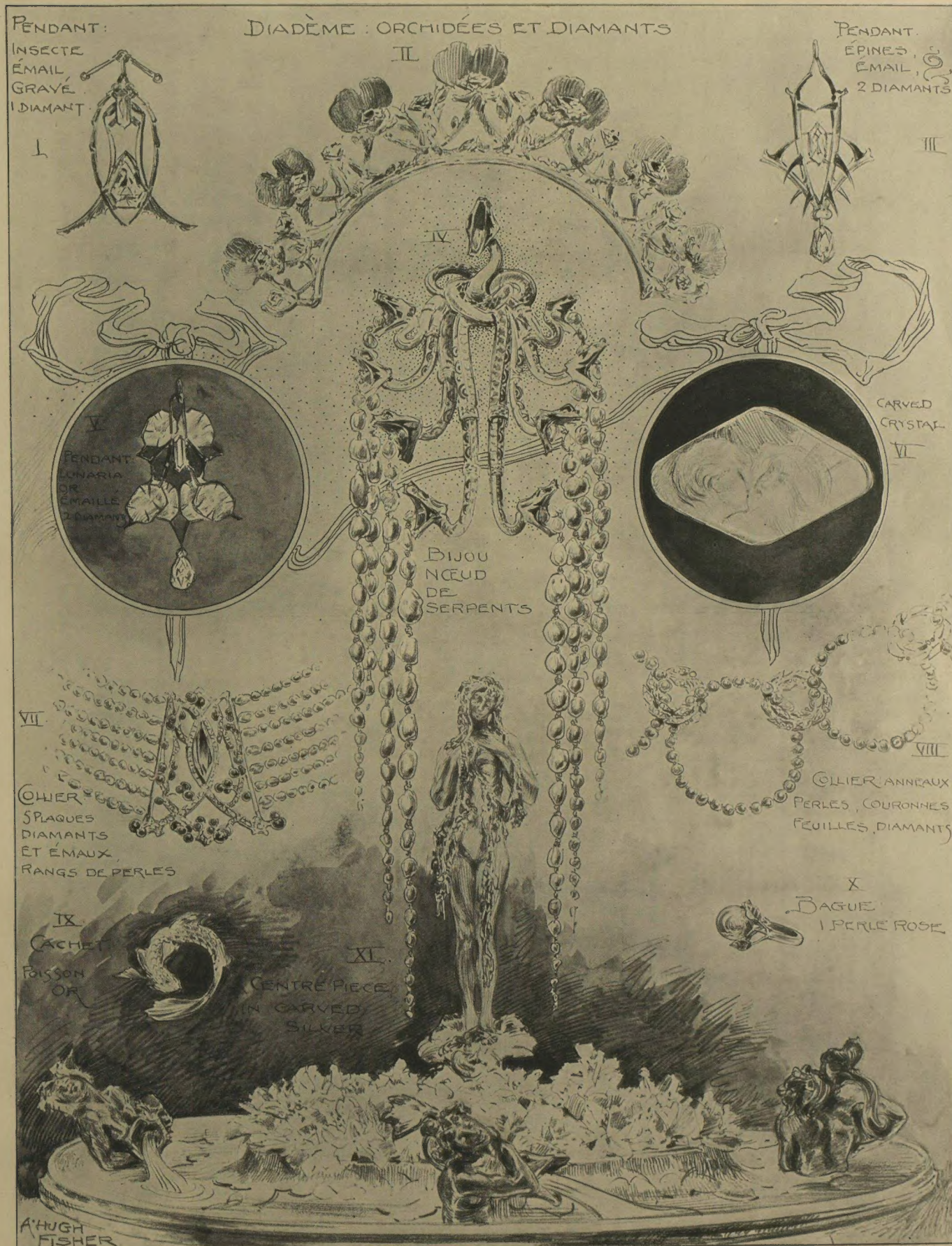
THE MEDICAL ENTENTE CORDIALE: THE RETURN VISIT OF ENGLISH DOCTORS TO PARIS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERSCHEL.

Sir William Broadbent, and many other representative English physicians, were entertained by the doctors of Paris at a series of festivities given as a return for the hospitality accorded last year to the French doctors who visited London. The proceedings opened with a great reception at the Sorbonne, and visits were afterwards paid to the medical schools and hospitals of Paris.

THE SPIRIT OF THE RENAISSANCE IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRENCH JEWELLERY.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER (BY PERMISSION) FROM M. LALIQUE'S EXAMPLES NOW EXHIBITED AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERY, BOND STREET.



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1. PENDANT: INSECT IN ENGRAVED ENAMEL WITH ONE DIAMOND. | 5. A PENDANT, GOLD, ENAMEL, TWO DIAMONDS. | 8. COLLAR: PEARL RINGS, CROWNS, LEAVES, AND DIAMONDS. |
| 2. A DIADÉM OF ORCHIDS AND DIAMONDS. | 6. CARVED CRYSTAL: MAN'S HEAD RELIEF, WOMAN'S INTAGLIO -
ON OTHER SIDE. | 9. SIGNET-RING: GOLD FISH. |
| 3. PENDANT: ENAMEL AND TWO DIAMONDS. | 7. COLLAR WITH FIVE PLAQUES, DIAMONDS, ENAMELS, AND PEARLS. | 10. RING: SINGLE PEARL ROSE. |
| 4. A JEWELLED KNOT OF SERPENTS. | | 11. CENTREPIECE IN CARVED SILVER. |

M. René Lalique, the Parisian artist who abandoned sculpture and painting for the jeweller's craft, realises in his work more than any living artificer the spirit of the Renaissance. Many will remember the magnificent diablerie of the work he exhibited at the last Paris Exhibition, and how well his examples sustained his theory that a fine jewel gains infinitely by being wrought, consistently into a design. He has most happily divorced himself from the accepted and the hackneyed in goldsmith work, and if it be true that he has set a fashion, he has at the same time revived an art.

THE DISASTROUS MEDITERRANEAN MOTOR-BOAT RACE: THE SIX LOST CRAFT AND ONE SURVIVOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS AGENCY.

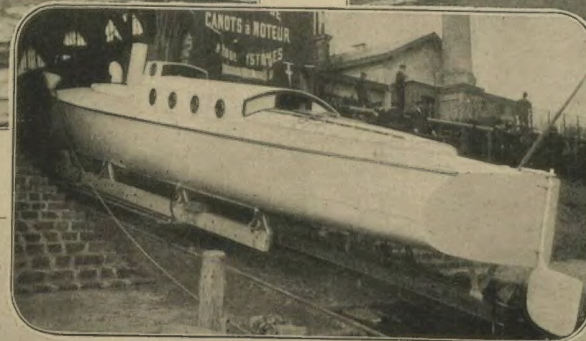


THE ONLY BOAT THAT ESCAPED, THE ITALIAN CRAFT "FIAT X,"
SAVED BY A DESTROYER.



Quand-Même.

Camille.

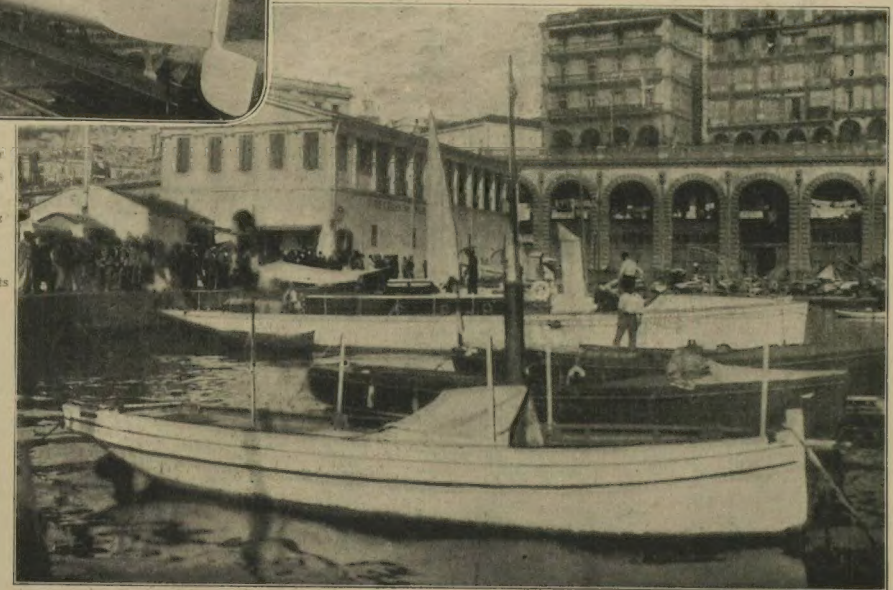


MADAME DU GAST'S LOST BOAT, "CAMILLE," AND THE
"QUAND-MÊME," MOORED WITH OTHERS AT ALGIERS.



A LOSS OF £4000: THE "MERCÉDÈS-MERCÉDÈS."

THE BOAT
THAT WAS
LEADING
WHEN THE
STORM
BURST: "MERCÉDÈS
C.P."



TWO OF THE LAST BOATS TO SINK: "HÉRACLÈS II." AND "MALGRÉ TOUT."

Of the seven motor-boats that started from Port Mahon on May 13 for the latter part of the Algiers-Toulon race, only one, the "Fiat X," came safely into Toulon, and that only on the deck of a destroyer. The "Camille," owned and driven by Madame du Gast, all but cost the owner her life. The particulars of the boats which started are as follows: "Mercedès-Mercédès," length 60 ft., beam 11'8 ft., 180 h.p., 12 tons displacement; "Mercedès C.P.," length 46 ft., beam 7'5 ft., 90 h.p.; "Héracles II.," length 33'7 ft., beam 7'5 ft., 60 h.p.; "Camille," length 46 ft., beam 7'5 ft., 60 h.p.; "Quand-Même," length 75 ft., beam 9'8 ft., 150 h.p., twin-screws; "Fiat X.," length 30'7 ft., beam 6'5 ft., 24 h.p.; "Malgré Tout," 16 tons displacement. An account of the sinking of the vessels is given on another page.

THE PURCHASE OF THE "HONESTY."

By WALTER WOOD.



Illustrated by ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.

WHEN the *Lady Lorrick*, with five thousand tons of coal for Alexandria, was twenty miles from the Tyne, she sprang a leak. No one on board could discover the weak spot or explain the mystery. All that was clear was that the leak was dangerous, and that the *Lady Lorrick* was slowly settling by the head. By the time she was abreast of Jetby she was signalling for help, and a paddle-trawler out of Rockborough squattered down and got hold of her, on terms agreed upon. The trawler pulled her into the South Bay at Rockborough, and saved her from foundering by dragging her on to the Scar, which is a vast submerged flat rock. There the *Lady Lorrick* lay, hard and fast. Her bows were held as, if in some colossal grip, her stern rose and fell on the seas, and she had a heavy list to starboard. She seemed to be within a stone's-throw of the Lighthouse Pier, but was four hundred yards away.

The *Lady Lorrick* showed her dejected head round the foot of the Castle Hill early in the afternoon, just as the tide-ball was hoisted over the lighthouse lantern to indicate high water. She grounded at two o'clock, and at two-twenty cobsles were clustering about her, and the lifeboat was standing by.

The master, a hard North-countryman, who wore a bowler hat and a tie and collar, and did not look the tough old sailor he was, leaned over the end of the tilted bridge and listened to the cobslemen. From them he

learnt that the steamer had been in collision, that her engines had broken down, that her shaft was fractured, that her propeller had dropped to the bottom of the sea, that her boilers had burst, that her cylinders had been blown to fragments, and that a hundred other marine disasters had befallen her, for the voice of rumour had travelled faster than the *Lady Lorrick*.

There was one great fisherman by name of Kit, who was seated on the gunwale of his coble, which was named *Jehovah Fireh*. He was explaining the law of stranded vessels to his comrades, and, according to his interpretation of the statutes, the *Lady Lorrick* was already theirs. "In fact," declared Kit, "she's what you might call treasure-trove."

The master's stern face hardened. "And what might you all be wanting?" he demanded, addressing Kit.

"What we can get," said Kit, who was also a North-countryman.

"And what's left when you've got it we can keep? You want to skin her, eh?" The master spoke with bitterness.

"Gut 'er," replied Kit, correctly and unabashed. "she carries coil, doesn't she? We've come for it. It's ours."

"The first man I see touching my coal," declared the master passionately, "I'll hit him on the head with the biggest lump. I'm going to get her floated, and

I'll try as hard to save this coal as a parson would try to save your soul—if you've got one."

Kit laughed genially, and without malice. "There's no need to let it bother you," he said. "T' insurance comp'ny 'ill pay all t' loss. Besides, you 'll niver float her if you get all t' steam-boats i' Rockborough to pull at 'er, an' it's lucky you won't. She'd go down like a brick if you dragged her off t' Scar. Why, there'd be a hole in her you could drive a waggon through. An' the *Lady Lorrick* isn't double bottomed an' watter-tight doored, I'll bet. But we'll wait an' watch. There's no 'urry—eh, boys!"

The cobslemen replied that there was not, and settled patiently in their boats, and smoked and told each other stories of the goodness of Providence in sending crippled ships. The harbour tug was thrashing impotently at the water, her hawser fastened to the steamer's stern; then two paddle-trawlers, which had once been tugs, took hold as well, not so much to get the wreck off the Scar as to counteract the force of wind and tide. The cobslemen varied the monotony of waiting by jeering. One of the hawsters parted, and they shouted ironical encouragement. "Go it, old *Cormorant*!" cried Kit; "but be gentle with 'er an' don't pull 'er starn' off!"

When night came the *Lady Lorrick* was harder aground than ever. She seemed as firm as Cromwell's



With hand-carts, soap-boxes on wheels, clothes-baskets, and cradles.

Mount, which rose from the shore like the hump of a gigantic camel.

"Can't we be gettin' t' coil ashore for you?" asked Kit anxiously. "This weather'll change, an' t' steamboat'll grind to bits. Then it'll all be lost."

"I'd rather see it all overboard than burning in your fireplaces," replied the master sourly. "You've no compassion. You're pier-rats, and fatten on the miseries of others."

"T' agent's comin' aboard — we'll see what he says," observed Kit hopefully.

The agent, who had been summoned from a neighbouring town, stepped on board as the cobbler spoke, and made a brief inspection. "Suppose she gets worked off by a change of wind?"

"She'll sink," the master told him.

"Then let the coal go overboard, and when she's lightened we'll try and tow her off and patch her up till we get her down to Hull or up to the Wear, as the case may be."

The master was about to speak, but Kit, who had been listening, shouted: "Shan't we put it ashore for you?"

"Why, yes, certainly," replied the agent. "We might as well save as much as we can."

"This way, boys," roared Kit, and the cobbler swarmed over the rail of the *Lady Lorrick*. They spread themselves out amongst the black cargo, hurling it into the boats alongside. "Grand stuff, isn't it?" asked Kit, with a grin on his grimy face, as he held a lump of coal in his hands for the master's inspection.

"The agent's the boss now," said the master quietly, pressing the burning tobacco into his pipe-bowl. "And a good thing for you too. If he hadn't been I should have shoved you overboard, without the coal. Get on with your nabbing, and don't talk to me. For two pins I'd kick the man that's nearest me."

"Eave the ballast overboard," cried Kit, edging away from the master and addressing his cousin Tom, who was part owner of the coble. "We won't go ashore wi' less nor three ton o' this stuff." So from the bottom of the *Jehovah Fireh* Tom lifted heavy stones and dropped them into the sea, replacing them with lumps of coal.

"Let the coal be piled up at the top of the harbour, on the slipway," said the agent. "We'll settle up about it later."

"Yes," said Kit; and fifty other cobblermen, who were working as hard as he was in getting the coal out of the *Lady Lorrick*, said "Yes" also.

But the news that coal was going overboard had flashed throughout the fishing community which moves and has its being by Rockborough Harbour. From Whincup's Yard, at the head of the harbour, where the crab-pots dry and the old men bait them and the children sail bits of firewood in the gutter; from the ancient alleys on the foreshore, which artists represent in golden colours, and which exhale odours that prostrate the visitor, men and women and children hurried with hand-carts, wheel-barrows, soap-boxes on wheels, clothes-baskets and cradles, for supplies of coal, and as fast as the cobbles discharged on the slipway, each cargo being piled in a separate hillock, the people hurried home with as much as they could wheel or carry. Children were hastily summoned from day school, and in one case, where a stern mistress refused to grant liberty on the ground that it was not for educational purposes, the juveniles overwhelmed her and burst in a triumphant body from the building.

"Fill t' coil-boil wi' it," commanded Kit to his wife, "an' then t' kitchen an' t' chamber, and Kit's wife, being dutiful and a smuggler's daughter, obeyed. The rest of the womenfolk followed her example, for Mrs. Kit was a leader of fashion and morals, and attended the little chapel on the foreshore on Sundays.

Kit was a man of thirty, and educated. He had read the lives of self-made men, and knew that the secret of all their success was the prompt seizure and improvement of opportunity. He had frequently, while his wife did laundry work, for which she was paid, leaned on the parapet of the outer pier, smoking, and resolving that when his own chance came he would grasp it as these successful men had done, men whom he held up mentally as great examples. Frequently, too, in the sanded parlour of the Three Mariners, drinking beer that was paid for from the washing funds, he had declared with heavy fist-falls that when the opening came he would capture it and never let it go. He had made this vow any time during the last five years of his married life; and now his chance had come, revealed to him by way of inspiration. "Talk o' fetchin' stuff for t' marine drive!" he exclaimed. "We can make more afore mornin' at this game nor we can make in ten year at fishin', crab-pottin', an' stone-fetchin'." "Ere, tak' 'em this coil for t' chapel boiler."

He addressed an ancient ferryman, who responded "Aye" readily, and immediately hurried off with the coal to his own cottage off the Castle Dykes as fast as his weakening legs would carry him, justly reasoning that he needed the fuel more than the chapel did.

At midnight the whole of the harbour-side population was employed in coaling operations. Lanterns flitted about, small conveyances creaked, human beings groaned under their burdens, and coal-houses, out-houses, kitchens, and sleeping-rooms were filled with coal, while the hillocks on the slipway did not grow in size. A cluster of dancing lights, red, green, and white, marked the disabled *Lady Lorrick*, and another scattered group indicated the lanterns by whose light the cobblermen were at work alongside. Coal-begrimed fishermen made urgent visits to the Three Mariners, and, having refreshed from deep mugs, rushed back to their craft, and regained the steamer's side.

But Kit was not amongst them. Since ten o'clock he had not been seen ashore, and it was now three in the morning. Occasionally a man would say, "Where's Kit?" and there would be a growled answer

from the steamer's side of "Ere. What d' you want?" "Oh, nowt," would be returned, and, with a curt invitation to take it and shut up, Kit went about his business. It was very strange and pressing business, and had reference to an ancient brig at the top of the harbour which was now serving as a coal-hulk. Kit had already piled up his own cottage with the salvaged coal; then the inspiration had come, and he had whispered it to Tom. The cousin had expressed approval, and forthwith Kit had roused the owner of the hulk from sleep, and taken him on board the hulk and conferred mysteriously with him. The result was that Kit no longer ran his coble between the steamer and the slipway, but made the hulk his destination, and, with the energy of a giant, discharged the coble's cargo into the hulk's hold. Some of the cobbles, the minority, came in with a little lantern burning; but most returned in a blackness in which they were almost invisible. Kit was numbered with the majority. To reach the hulk he had to run under the bridge near the lighthouse, and this he did so stealthily that he escaped the observation of a watchman who took cobbles' names, so that a small toll could be collected in due course by the Harbour Commissioners, the toll being levied on all incoming craft bearing coal. Kit's soul rebelled against the imposition; therefore when the watchman, peering over the bridge, saw the dim outline of a boat and hailed it with "Hello! Who's the owner o' that coble?" Kit replied in muffled tones, "Twiney."

"Who's in her?" demanded the watchman.

"Me," growled Kit.

"Who's me?"

"Joney," answered Kit.

"All right," sang out the watchman, and the coble sneaked up to the hulk, leaving it for Jonah, another and honest fisherman, to explain things away as best he could.

"Dash 'em!" snapped Kit. "Allus bleedin' poor fishermen! 'Ow 're we gettin' on?" he inquired of the dealer.

"I'm keepin' tally," said the owner of the hulk, who was also the dealer in coal, wholesale and retail — retail by preference, because he made more profit that way, with the help of artfully contrived scales.

"So am I," answered Kit distrustfully. "'Ow much do you make it?"

The dealer thought hard. "Twenty ton, so far," he announced.

"Twenty ton!" exclaimed Kit. He was standing on the deck of the hulk, on the brink of the hatch, and the dealer was beside him. The light of one of the pier lamps shone on his face, and the dealer saw a look and noticed a ring in his tones which made him step back and clutch the bulwarks.

"Twenty ton!" repeated Kit.

"There or thereabouts," returned the dealer, rather feebly.

"Why, man," said Kit, "the coble'll carry three ton, easy, an' this is her eleventh trip. What's eleven times three?"

"Thirty-three," answered the dealer.

"If it's a' ounce it's forty ton," declared Kit.

"Heaven alive!" exclaimed the dealer. "Do you think I can't calculate?"

"There's no time to think," responded Kit. "If it isn't forty ton, say the word, an' we stop comin'. Do you think me an' Tom's nowt to do but work our souls out fetchin' coal to this old hooker when all we've got to do is to put it ashore an' sell it ourselves? Do you know at some of it's been sold already at fifteen an' eighteen shillin' a ton? Why, I've a good mind to chuck t' bargain an' start coil merchantin' on my own 'ook. Twenty ton!" He breathed hard, and looked towards the lamp on the pier.

"Call it forty," said the dealer, hastily and pacifically. "I'm not particular to a hundredweight or two."

"An' ten bob a ton, mind, money down?"

"Yes," said the dealer.

"An' you take all risks?"

The dealer did not answer.

"D' you 'ear?" demanded Kit.

"Yes," said the dealer.

"Well, then, 'eed."

The dealer murmured "Yes," and Kit tumbled back into the coble and returned to the steamer. "Of all the villains!" he complained to Tom. "Tryin' to rob us! t' bare-faced way!"

"Aye," said Tom. "But there hasn't been more nor thirty ton put aboard, has there?"

"No," replied Kit belligerently. "But what's that got to do wi' it? Haven't I told you 'at this is t' 'igh watter t' parable talks about? Besides, doesn't he allus give short weight?"

This reasoning was unanswerable, and Tom remained silent.

The faint light of dawn was on the horizon when Kit and Tom sank for a moment's rest on the deck of the hulk. They were black and unrecognisable, and even their enormous strength was exhausted. They had worked hard before, but never so fiercely as this, because there had never been such a prize to strive for.

"I'm done up," Kit confessed.

"An' I'm fair tired," added Tom.

"I couldn't do another stroke, not if it was 'andlin' gold instead o' coal," declared the dealer. "I say," he exclaimed, looking anxiously at the growing light, "we mustn't be seen together, or they'll smell a rat."

"Just so," said Kit, rising heavily. "We'll clear off an' start afresh as soon as it's dark again."

"Yes," observed the dealer.

"So far, it's seventy ton," said Kit.

"Seventy ton!" repeated the dealer despairingly. "It's nearer fifty."

"Accordin' to your tally, yes," said Kit; "but not by ours. An' I can tell you this, mister, if you'd had to lift it as we've done, you'd think it was nearer a thousand. We'll have a settlin' up to-need, when it's

dark, an' then make a fresh start. An' mind you, the money must be gold. No cheques, nor yet bank-notes. I don't like 'em. You've only to put a match to 'em an' they're off. Let's see — seventy at ten bob's thirty-five pound. An' there'll be a bit extra for wear an' tear o' t' coble. An' a grand soft thing for you. You won't be a dealer if you don't make five bob a ton on it — an' that's five times seventy shillin' for just doin' nowt. Come on, Tom, we can just get back to t' steamboat before we're seen. We'll run up to t' slipway with a bit o' coil, for appearance' sake. That'll put 'em off t' scent."

But when they were once more at the *Lady Lorrick's* side Tom incontinently fell asleep on the coal-dust at the bottom of the coble and refused to be awakened. Kit also, heavy-eyed and aching of limb, was overpowered by slumber, and when he was at last roused he found that he had been stretched on his own hearth-rug in front of his own fire.

"Still dark?" he murmured, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

His wife laughed indulgently. "It's nine o'clock," she said. "They brought you in, asleep, at five this mornin', an' you've been sleepin' ever since."

"Then it's neet?" observed Kit.

"Aye, lad. T' *Charity* towed you in."

"An' what about t' coil?" asked Kit anxiously. His wife laughed queerly. "All that's stopped," she told him. "They've gotten t' *Lady Lorrick* off!"

Kit sprang to his feet. "Gotten her off!" he exclaimed. "Why, she was as fast as a rock!"

"But they'd lightened her so much 'at she floated. Come, lad, get some tea."

"Nut till I've seen t' steam-boat first, an' old Joab," said Kit firmly.

"Joab's been an' left this," she explained, and put into her husband's hands a little canvas bag.

He opened it with his great black, eager fingers and emptied its contents — sovereigns and half-sovereigns — on to the little round deal table, where a black teapot and a huge mug, a great loaf and some butter in a basin, awaited Kit's attention. He counted the gold, and then swept the coins back into the bag and viciously tied the string round its neck. "That's what I'd like to do with *him*," he declared. "He's kept back seven pound, an' says on this paper 'at it's ten per cent. for his commission — an' 'at he allus does it. The thief! I'll put t' bobbies on to him!"

"An' suppose he puts 'em on to us?" said his wife mildly. She had heard of the transaction from Job, who had vowed that he was a ruined man. "Come, lad, get some tea, an' then think."

Kit refreshed and reflected, and in the end, after bitter condemnation of the dealer as no honest man, he put on his sou'-wester, went to a neighbouring cottage and roused Tom, and returned in the coble to the *Lady Lorrick*, his wife retaining the canvas bag, and hiding it in a crevice up the chimney, where she kept her savings in a pewter tobacco-jar, having no faith in banks.

There was lamentation at the steamer's side. No cobblermen were permitted to go on board. "Any man that steps on deck will be pushed back," announced the master. "She's afloat again and patched up, and we're going back North as soon as she can be towed. She'd five thousand tons of coal on board when we came here, and I'll bet she's had fifteen hundred taken out of her. Who's gutted her? All that coal'll have to come back."

On hearing this some of the cobblermen rowed quietly away, amongst them Kit and Tom.

"I think, after all," observed Kit, on reaching home, "I'll say nowt to Joab. Least said, soonest mended — eh, lass?"

His wife nodded, and gave a sly look at the chimney. Kit laughed comprehensively. "They might be able to tell their coil from ours," he said, "but dash my buttons if they'd iver think of a 'idin'-place like that, eh?"

In three days the *Lady Lorrick*, crippled but floating, was towed North.

"I don't like to see her go," said Kit.

"No," replied the old mariner who had not taken the coal to the chapel, "it isn't what I call jannock. It that coil isn't salvage or treasure-trove, what is it?"

"It belongs to us, if iver owt did," growled Kit.

"We've saved that steamboat," said the old man, "an' what do we get for it? Nowt."

"Nut even thanks," said Kit. "They're a measly lot." Then he strolled off and looked, as if casually, at two rows of desolate and dismantled smacks which were laid up at the top of the harbour, and were now, at low water, resting on the mud. He knew that one of these, a yawl, could be had for twenty-five pounds, and that with his own and Tom's hands and an expenditure of twenty-five pounds more she could be made into a little coaster. "Tom," he whispered, "as soon as this affair's settled an' fowk have done shillin' an' pryin', we'll buy that yawl, an' fit her up as a little collier, eh?"

"Aye," said Tom, with interest.

"It's a good thing we didn't wait for t' tide to turn — that parable tide, I mean, eh?"

"Aye," repeated Tom, although he did not fully understand.

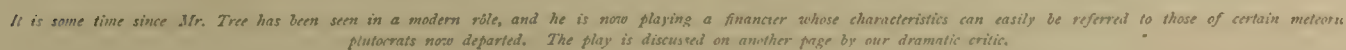
"They call her *Vulture* now," added Kit, after a pause; "but it's a name I don't like. It sounds greedy."

"An' what'll we call 'er?" inquired Tom.

"Well," answered Kit, "I haven't really settled that yet; but I've allus thowt 'at when I did get a yawl o' my own I'd christen 'er *Honesty*."

And that was the name he gave her when they had made their selection from the laid-up yawls, and the pewter tobacco-jar had left its sooty hiding-place in the chimney.

THE END.



REALITY AND FANTASY.

A Diary from Dixie. By Mary Hoykin Chesnut. (London: Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)
A Modern Utopia. By H. G. Wells. (London: Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
The Stigma. By Jessie Leckie Herbertson. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
The Dryad. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Amanda of the Mill. By Marie van Vorst. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
An Angler's Hours. By H. T. Sheringham. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

Mrs. James Chesnut, jun., was the wife of a prominent politician in the South; and her *Diary* is a most curious and fascinating memoir of the American Civil War. From the day when the first shot was fired in Charleston Harbour to the surrender of Lee, this observant woman kept a record of the struggle as it affected the lives and characters of the people she knew. Pretty nearly all the Southern leaders are sketched for us with that fidelity of portraiture achieved only by writers who have the gift of seeing human beings as they are. Mrs. Chesnut put nobody on stilts, but described her world with a truth that would have delighted Thackeray. These war-pictures, indeed, remind one irresistibly of the Waterloo chapters in "Vanity Fair." You see little of the pomp and circumstance of the conflict; but here are the most intimate details of the daily lives of those who waited with desperate anxiety for news. Comedy is unabashed at every turn. On the eve of the war the Governor of South Carolina causes a sensation by appearing at breakfast in full-dress, swallow-tail and all. "I am not mad, most noble Madam," he explains. "I am only going to the photographer. My wife wants me taken thus." The busy photographer of that day produced some queer images: witness the frontispiece portrait of Mrs. Chesnut herself. At Columbia, S.C., there were complaints of the "airs" which some of the patriots gave themselves. "The worst of all airs came from a democratic landlady, who was asked by Mrs. President Davis to have a carpet shaken, and shook herself with rage as she answered, 'You know, Madam, you need not stay here if my carpet or anything else does not suit you.'" In the midst of the "chatter, patter, clatter of the women," one gets notable glimpses of the issues at stake. Mrs. Chesnut was no advocate of slavery; she thought the system bad, but remarked in her caustic way that the Yankees in the North had made far more profit out of the slave-grown cotton than the slave-owners. She criticised Mrs. Beecher Stowe less with bitterness than with wonder. Evidently the scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were wholly unknown to many Southerners. An indomitable spirit of gaiety prevailed almost to the end. On Christmas Day, 1863, nearly two years after the beginning of the war, there is this note on the company: "Others dropped in after dinner; some without arms, some without legs; Von Borcke, who cannot speak because of a wound in his throat. Isabella said, 'We have all kinds now but a blind one.' Poor fellows, they laugh at wounds, and yet they can show many a scar." The human interest of this *Diary* has seldom been surpassed. It will hold its place in literature.

Mr. Wells announces that he will write no more philosophical treatises, but will devote himself henceforth to his old trade of story-telling. In his "Utopia" the treatise is mixed up with a story in such a fashion that many readers will regret that it is not all story. When the narrator and his friend the botanist, walking in the Alps, discover that in a moment they have been translated to the Alps in a planet far beyond Sirius in the depths of space, a planet corresponding exactly to our earth, except that it is Utopia, and our "doubles" there are vastly superior beings to ourselves—the reader has one of those thrills of which Mr. Wells is the master. For this reason one is rather disposed to resent the lapses from the story into the treatise. The adventures of the two wanderers from earth might so easily have been made the consistent medium for expounding the felicity of Utopia and its inhabitants. As for the felicity, we have our doubts. It is a cheerful world, to all appearance. Everybody is comfortable; nobody has to toil for a bare livelihood. Mere mechanical labour is done by scientific appliances, and there is consequently no servile class. Women who follow the profession of motherhood are paid by the State. There is no happy-go-lucky bringing up of children. Universal peace prevails, and a universal language; but heaven or Sirius knows how they were brought about. This is the little elementary weakness of all Utopias: you cannot see the evolution that produces them. There is no government, apparently, except the order of the Samurai, a highly-developed caste of men and women, created by capacity and self-denying ordinances, and charged with the administration of the globe. All the inferior races (black and brown) we have on earth cease to be inferior in Utopia. Mr. Wells holds that you can make the negro and the Kaffir as competent and virtuous as the white man. He does not think you can eliminate crime; but he will have no prisons and reformatories. Incurable evil-doers are exiled to certain islands, where they are left to go to the deuce their own way. There is an Isle of Drunkards, also an Isle of Incurable Cheats. Feetotallers may be disappointed to learn that in Utopia there is plenty of good ale. Mr. Wells believes that temperance drinks fill a man with "wind and self-righteousness." There is apparently no great increase of population, no overcrowding; and "the birth of a child to diseased or inferior parents, and contrary to the sanction of the State, will be the rarest of disasters." It is not quite intelligible, this Utopia; but it makes very good reading.

The stigma (which, being interpreted, was birth of a light mother) is borne by Susan, after her "eager, vivid youth" had been cut in two by the knowledge of it, with a certain hopeless resolution, cleverly suggested rather than insisted upon by the author. It

does more than sustain her; it gives the critic courage to follow her through a Cornish wilderness of intensely disagreeable people whose unpleasant qualities are, to tell the truth, so uniform that they become tedious. The opening chapter of "The Stigma" promises better things than this; it introduces another girl, a nice girl, who would have stood staunchly by Susan and given her the happiness of comradeship, and then she is withdrawn, only to appear again vaguely, without fulfilling her proper function. Polgaray Vicarage is as uncongenial to Susan as Rochester's mansion was to Jane Eyre; and she does not escape without her Rochester. The salient feature of this book, as in many women's novels, is that the first great occupation of the people's lives is falling in and out of love. Now this cannot be the case in the normal world, or all businesses would be liable to violent dislocation; and no young man or maiden could be relied upon for sane and humdrum conduct from one week to the next. In Polgaray Minor, as we see, it produced horrid complications; and poor Susan might well have been pardoned if she had lost patience at the importunities of her numerous lovers.

Considering how absurd is the assumption round which the plot of "The Dryad" moves, it says much for the story-telling powers of Mr. McCarthy that he manages to interest us in it at all. Count Baldwin rules in Athens, and to him is on his way from France his son Rainouart. When that high souled youth arrives it is in the escort of the Duchess of Thebes, a beautiful widow, whose form and comeliness, we may say at once, belie the blackness of her soul. According to this lovely adventuress, she has succoured Rainouart when set upon by robbers, and has won his heart; whereupon the jovial Baldwin arranges for a wedding forthwith, with tournaments and joustings and all princely ceremonies. But, as the reader knows, it was not she, but a mysterious girl of the greenwood who came to Rainouart's rescue and won his love. The Duchess has put him under a spell by her philtres and other sorceries, and that is how he comes to acquiesce in her story and in the marriage arrangements. Naturally, when he challenges all comers in the lists to deny the Lady Esclaramonde to be the fairest she in Christendom, a stranger knight appears, and in due course unhorses him; and this knight, also of course, is the maid of the greenwood in manly disguise. In all this there is nothing impossible to the reader's credulity. As a matter of fact, however, this maid Argathona, brought by the novelist so sharply in touch with actualities, is a dryad, daughter of the gods, who counts a thousand years as but a day, and so on. We gather, too, that an aged hermit, no other than Boniface the Seventh, tells this dryad the story of the Redeemer, and bestows upon her the life of a mortal, with its grace beyond the grave. This strikes us as being absurd, if, indeed, a stronger term might not fitly describe it.

Mrs. van Vorst has gone again to the South Carolina cotton-mills to find material for a book, and now she uses the surplus stuff left over from a more weighty volume, and weaves a novel out of it, running a suitable romance through the dark woof of the cotton-spinners' tragedy. It will surprise no one to find that the main interest in "Amanda of the Mill" is the tyranny of the mill, and that Amanda's love-story leaves only a pale impression beside the tremendous shadow cast by actualities. The scene, in fact, being real iron and machinery, and no pasteboard, rather overpowers the puppets. Amanda is a beautiful backwoods girl, who is limed by circumstance and dragged into servitude at Crompton Mill, to become one of an army of workers whose lives, as Mrs. van Vorst describes them, know less than nothing of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Here the book grips, for the women's degradation, the weariness of the children, the grinding, sullen brutality of the system that uses men up and tosses them aside, are drawn with a biting conviction. Amanda, caught up into riches and refinement, returning as a cultured young woman to help in the hour of revolt, fails to hold us with the same power. The love-clement, though it is quite human and even tragically complicated, looks trivial beside the pitiful figure of Milly the mill-child, who dozed at the night-shift, and fell against the machinery, and was maimed for life. We want to know what is happening to her while Amanda is away; and we feel a resentment because the latter can find it in her heart, tenderly human though the author would make her, to turn her back so abruptly upon her fellow-slaves. And Mrs. van Vorst will scarcely blame us for this, for her heart, too, is with the cotton-spinners.

"An Angler's Hours" includes some of the most delightful essays on the subject of fishing we have ever read. These papers owe nothing to sensational baskets or stirring fights with fish of incredible weight; Mr. Sheringham is at his best when his material is the least promising; he has a talent for graceful dalliance with the trifles that make up the sum of a day's angling successful or otherwise, and his writing is penetrated with restrained humour; wherefore the charm of these essays lies rather in their manner than their matter. One of the best papers in the collection is that entitled "May Day on the Exe," wherein, among other matters, the author considers the "bridge habit," which in his discerning judgment is one of the distinguishing traits of the true angler. Students of angling literature need not be told that the author is a past-master in the art, whether his quarry be the highly educated trout of Test or Kennet, the wary carp or other, so-called, coarse fish; and his breadth of view in the matter of lures much commends him to us as an instructor. Instruction, it would seem, was the author's last object in writing these most interesting essays, but the reader can hardly fail to pick up some crumbs of useful knowledge, scarce conscious that he is doing so by reason of the intrinsic charm of the style.

EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC.

"The Romance of Savoy: Victor Amadeus II. and his Stuart Bride" (Hutchinson), the Marchesa Vitelleschi's interesting study of eighteenth-century history, suggests the obvious criticisms that the career of Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy was not specially romantic, and that his bride was—on the paternal side—not a Stuart, but a Bourbon. Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I. of England, was so fascinating a personality that one could wish a larger part of the book devoted to her than to her less interesting daughter, Anna, who married the Duke of Savoy, and whose representative is to-day the rightful Queen of England, according to the strict Jacobite view. Anna's descendants reigned in Savoy until the direct line ended in a lady who married into the house of Modena, carrying thither (to be by her granddaughter transmitted to Bavaria) the representation of the Stuarts. The present royal family of Italy are a younger branch of the House of Savoy, which parted from the stem before the introduction of Stuart blood. This same Anna was an amiable and sensible lady whose life was in some respects unhappy, but she was not so remarkable a person as her husband, Victor Amadeus. He began his career as Duke of Savoy handicapped by an unsympathetic mother who abused her Regency, and came to full powers only to find that his Duchy was systematically bullied by Louis XIV. He pursued so effectively the cult of the jumping cat, allying himself at one moment with France, at the next with Austria, and never hesitating to go over to the enemy in the middle of a campaign, that he raised Savoy to a position of influence and himself to the rank of King, adding to his ancestral dominions the Kingdom of Sicily, which he was soon compelled to exchange for Sardinia. He was a bad husband and an unkind father, treacherous, cruel, and parsimonious, and yet he had some kingly and many statesmanlike qualities. Not long after his wife's death he married an ambitious lady-in-waiting, and promptly abdicated, to the intense disgust of the lady. Soon wearying of retirement, he attempted to resume his crown, and was therefore rigorously imprisoned by his affectionate son for the rest of his days. The Marchesa Vitelleschi has a faculty for hero-worship which is of service in writing the history of such a career, but she has made excellent use of contemporary documents, and her treatment of facts is remarkably fair. Her style is not always impeccable, and she makes a few slips. It is inexcusable to speak of an "Emperor of Luxembourg," and it would be better not to write "voyage" when journey is meant. Also, it seems strange to hear that in the Roman Catholic Church in the seventeenth century "it was customary that children should not be baptised till the age of twelve." But minor faults are more than counterbalanced by the author's careful study of the authorities—some of them rather inaccessible; and the book is made more interesting by the excellent reproduction of a number of portraits.

Mr. Landon must be congratulated on the excellence of the two volumes which bear the concise but comprehensive title "Lhasa" (Hurst and Blackett). The history of the mission lends itself conveniently to the partition adopted; and thus we have in the first volume a most graphic and complete account of the march from the Sikkim Valley to the mysterious city, while the second contains a singularly vivid and interesting series of pictures of Lhasa, its priests, people, temples, and shrines. The introductory chapters make clear to us how essential it had become that the Indian Government should assert itself: the machinations of the Russian emissary Dorjief had been carried far, and the influence this clever man had gained over the Dalai Lama and his advisers was made manifest to our representatives on many occasions. It would hardly be too much to say that Dorjief's shadow, like that of some evil genius, lay athwart the whole negotiations which culminated in Sir Frank Younghusband's expedition. Mr. Landon dismisses the deplorable affair at Hot Springs in two vigorously-written pages; once the Dépen of Lhasa had fired his pistol the collision was inevitable; but the business was so pitifully one-sided that "it sickened those who took part in it"; and perhaps the worst was that the lesson was thrown away on the Tibetans. The fighting at Gyantse was much more serious; and it is in connection with the daring work done here by the Sikhs and Gurkhas that we are made to realise the terrible physical strain of fighting at these high altitudes. Apart from the exterior of the Potala, the truly imposing character of which is now very familiar to us, Lhasa is disappointing; the grime and dirt of its streets and people are disgusting, and the interior of the famous palace is a "never ending labyrinth of corridors and courts," whose adornments, where such exist, are cheap, tawdry, and, of course, dirty. Mr. Landon saw everything there is to be seen in the city, and was fortunate enough to be one of the three Europeans ever permitted to enter the Tibetan Holy of Holies—the foul cave in the Cathedral of Lhasa which enshrines the Great Golden Buddha. We are glad to have the author's modest account of his ride from Lhasa back to India carrying dispatches for the Viceroy and the Secretary for India: having regard to the circumstances, it was a notable feat of endurance and speed. The work has the merit of excellent proportion; ever observant and discriminating, the author ignores nothing that helps us to a clear understanding of incident, of people, and circumstance of life. With strong artistic feeling he combines descriptive powers of a high order, and thus reveals to us beauties in a land the name of which we had heretofore associated with barrenness, cold, and dirt. The illustrations include some of the most beautiful photographs we remember to have seen in a work of travel, and the aid of colour-photography has been successfully enlisted to give an idea of the wonderful colour-effects in Tibetan scenery.

HONOURING FLORA IN THE WEST COUNTRY: THE "FURRY" DANCE AT HELSTON.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAWKE



A DANCE THAT THROWS ALL DOORS OPEN: CELEBRATING FLORA OR "FURRY" DAY AT HELSTON.

This dance, which is held yearly on the nearest Wednesday to the 8th of May at Helston, in Cornwall, was described some time ago in these pages by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch in his story "Stephen of Steens." The origin of the custom is unknown. Some connect it with the worship of Flora, but there is a legend that it commemorates the heroic passage of a fiery dragon over the town. At one o'clock the dancers, in summer costumes and garlanded with flowers, assemble opposite the Town Hall, and begin to dance through the town, headed by musicians playing the "furry" dance. The dancers may go anywhere, passing through houses and gardens at their will, until the whole town has been traversed. The figures of the dance are described on our "World's News" page

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE AND CRIME.

In the course of a recent trial for murder, a highly interesting and important question arose concerning the identification of a criminal through his fingerprints. This system, as is well known, was originally part of the Bertillon mode of identification, of which careful measurements form the staple idea. But the finger-print system appears to be of very remote date. We are told that signing a deed by stamping it with the thumb previously dipped in or anointed with pigment, or impressed into wax, has been a custom of the East, and of China particularly, for untold years. This custom arose apparently out of the knowledge that, as seems to be the accepted opinion of experts, no two finger-prints in the world agree in every particular. Quite an elaborate system of classification of curves and other features of the skin-ridges has grown up as the method of identification in question has been elaborated. The reliability of the finger-print as an absolutely certain mode of settling the identity of a prisoner was hotly contested in court at the recent trial to which I have referred.

Personally, I should say, in connection with the system of identifying prisoners, the Bertillon method, practised by the French police still—unless I mistake not—in conjunction with that of the finger-prints, would constitute the safest and surest mode of settling who's who. In a grave case especially, it is somewhat unlikely that any twelve men constituting a jury would convict on finger-print testimony alone. They would not be competent to master the intricacies of skin-ridges and patterns, and would hesitate to pass an adverse verdict on such evidence alone. But with a system of careful measurements in addition, the evidence of finger-prints would be materially strengthened. In the course of his evidence at the Old Bailey, Dr. Garson intimated that the measurement system had been given up by the Home Office. This is a regrettable proceeding, for the work of identification will be regarded with not unjust suspicion, I fancy, if the police ask for convictions on finger-print evidence alone.

The subject is of interest because it shows us how the developments of science in certain of its phases have come materially to assist the cause of justice, which it must be borne in mind is also the cause of the innocent. I do not hesitate to say that in Paris a case like that of Adolf Beck is of unlikely occurrence, by reason of the fact that the means taken for the identification of accused persons are superior in character to those of our own police. I say this much on the pure question of identification, and apart from considerations connected with other errors or disadvantages which might be pointed out in the purely legal procedure. In many other ways apart from identification Science may be said to pose as the friend of the innocent and foe of the guilty. Take the case of the poisoner, for example. The processes now at the command of chemists are so reliable that no one employing an ordinary poison, such as arsenic or antimony, can possibly hope for escape, in so far at least as the results of analysis are concerned.

Even in the case of the more subtle poisons, represented by toxic vegetable principles, Science meets the criminal with her methods of detection. The case of Lamson illustrated this truth. The safety of the public here lies in the fact that such poisons cannot be obtained by ordinary criminals, and their purchase by others necessarily forms a powerful piece of evidence against would-be criminals of the Borgia type. As far back as the time of Palmer's trial for the poisoning of John Parsons Cook, mention was made of such poisons. Palmer used strychnine, and in those days the detection of this organic principle was a matter in which chemistry had largely to own its inability to act. Palmer's conviction was secured mainly because the symptoms of his victim were consistent with nothing else than the administration of lethal doses of strychnine; while, of course, the question of motive weighed also in securing the conviction of a criminal of the deepest grade.

An incident which occurred in the course of this famous trial deserves recounting. That eminent authority on poisons, the late Sir R. Christison, M.D., of Edinburgh, testified to the fact that there existed poisons which left no trace of their work behind. He was about to mention one, when the Judge stopped his utterance, remarking that such knowledge was not desirable to be bruited abroad. Next morning, Sir Robert was besieged with inquiries contained in letters, asking for the name of the poison. The writers, of course, professed that their interests in the matter were of an entirely scientific nature.

It is an accepted fact that on microscopical evidence alone the identification of a stain as that of human blood is impossible; that is to say, no microscopist would venture positively to swear that a given stain was human in origin. This for the reason that the red blood-corpuscles of many quadrupeds closely resemble those of man in character and size, and they may and do vary in size in the same individual. But science, by aid of other tests, chemical and spectroscopic, has come nigh to the solution of the problem, and by yet another method, that of the reaction of the blood itself, it is regarded that tolerable certainty may be attained in respect of the detection of the human vital fluid. These are some illustrations of the aid which science affords the searcher into crime, and of the manner in which the hands of justice are strengthened by the chemist, the microscopist, and the anatomist. It is not the least beneficent work of science, that which is directed to the conviction of the evildoer, and therefore to the protection of those that do well.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

HURWARD (Oxford).—The position is an intricate one, but the best analysis we have been able to give it supports the view that Black must win.

J. W. HAYNES (Winchester).—We regret your problem is too simple for our use; and your solution of No. 3181 is, unfortunately, wrong.

A. G. BROADBURY (Hullam).—The problem was published May 7, 1904, and we would suggest that you apply to the manager of this paper.

Mrs. HARKO (Strigheim).—We accept your kind contribution with the greatest of pleasure.

PIETRIAS.—We beg to acknowledge both problem and solution, which had been overlooked.

W. GREENWOOD (Sutton Mills).—Your reappearing chess is, indeed, a pleasant revival, and carries us back to the good old times again. The problems are most acceptable.

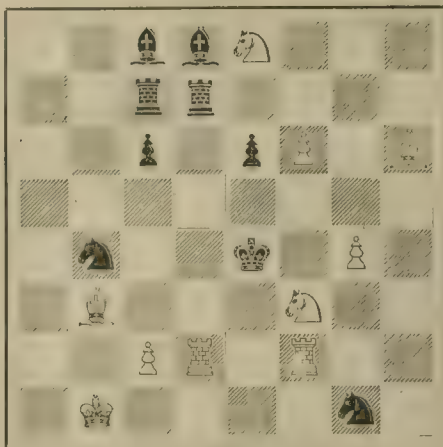
J. F. COLEMAN (Kampans, Holland).—There can be as many Queens on at the same time as there are Pawns that have reached their eighth square.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3180 received from George Dreyer Farmer, M.D. (Aberdeen), Ontario; of No. 3181 from A. G. Bagnat Dullos, A. F. Brophy, D. B. R. Olan, C. Field Junior (Alton, Mass.), J. Hollemann (Kampen, Holland), and George Dreyer Farmer, M.D. (Aberdeen, Ontario); of No. 3182 from Carl Preneke (Hamburg), and T. W. W. (Boutham) of No. 3183 from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Gede Haslinger (Wels, Austria), W. J. Banister (Liverpool), A. Belcher (Wycombe), Robert Bee (Colchester), D. B. R. (Oban), J. Hollemann (Kampen, Holland), H. A. Sims (Stockwell), Laura Greaves (Shelton), T. W. W. (Boutham), Carl Preneke (Hamburg), A. S. Brown (Buckley), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), H. S. Brandholt, A. G. Bagnat (Dublin), F. Ede (Canterbury), David Weir (Five-mile-Town), and The Tidd.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3181 received from G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Shadrach, A. Belcher (Wycombe), T. Roberts, Sorrento, Charles Burnett, E. G. Rodway (Trarbridge), Eric Ping, H. Maxwell (Bristol), F. Henderson (Leeds), Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury), Calé Glacior (Marseilles), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Doryman, W. Hopkinson (Derby), and R. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3183—By S. N. SASTRI.
WHITE.
1. R to Q 5th
2. Q or R Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3180—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.
Game played between Messrs. MARSHALL and NAPIER.

(Rice Gambit).
WHITE (Mr. M.). BLACK (Mr. N.).
1. P to K 4th. 2. P to K 4th.
2. P to K 4th. 3. P to K 4th.
3. Kt to K 3rd. 4. P to K 4th.
4. P to K 4th. 5. Kt to K 3rd.
5. Kt to K 3rd. 6. P to K 4th.
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THE OLD TRACTION YOKED TO THE NEW: BULLOCKS DRAWING THE AMIR'S NEW MOTOR TO KABUL.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOERKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH MISSION TO KABUL.



MOITORING THROUGH THE AFGHAN PASSES BY BULLOCK-POWER: THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S GIFT OF A MOTOR TO THE AMIR ON ITS WAY TO KABUL.

On the occasion of the recent diplomatic mission to the Amir, the British Government presented his Highness, who is a great motoring enthusiast, with a new car. The motor was drawn by bullocks all the way to Kabul and the roughest roads, but reached the Afghan capital uninjured.

LATEST FROM THE ANTARCTIC: THE RETURN OF THE CHARCOT EXPEDITION,
SCENES IN THE REGIONS EXPLORED.



1. COLLECTING PENGUINS' EGGS NEAR CAPE ADARE.

3. WINTER QUARTERS NEAR CAPE ADARE; THE ICE-BOUND OCEAN.

5. BREAK-UP OF THE ICE IN ROBERTSON BAY.

2. A PENGUIN PROCESSION; ARRIVAL OF THE BIRDS
AT CAPE ADARE.

4. A LEVIATHAN OF ICE IN ROBERTSON BAY.

For a considerable time no news was received from Dr. Charcot, and the "Uruguay" went in search of him without avail. About the middle of March, however, the safety of the party was announced from Port Maudslayi, in South America; and Dr. Charcot's return to France is now daily expected. These photographs of the localities explored by the Expedition were taken by Mr. Bernacchi, of the "Discovery."

LATEST FROM THE ANTARCTIC: CHARCOT'S RETURNING SHIP
AND HIS WINTER QUARTERS.



6. CHARCOT'S SHIP, THE "FRANÇAIS," AMONG THE ICE.—[Drawing by Johansson.]

7. GIANT PENGUINS AT CAPE ADARE.

8. CHARCOT'S WINTER QUARTERS: WANDEL ISLAND.

Dr. Charcot and his party wintered on Wandel Island, off the coast of Graham's Land, the exact position being 65 degrees south latitude and 64 degrees longitude west of Greenwich, or some 625 miles south of Cape Horn. The Expedition is the last of a memorable series since 1895, undertaken by the "Belgica," the "Southern Cross," the "Discovery," the "Gauss," the "Antarctic," and the "Scotia."



THE LONDON SEASON: DINING AT DIEUDONNÉ'S.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

As the most popular and pleasant places for luncheon or dinner is the famous house in Ryder Street, St. James's, where any evening during the season may be seen just such smart gatherings as our Artist has here depicted. Everything is of the best, and there is also a charming lounge, where those visitors who are not going on may chat easily for the evening. Dieudonné, indeed, stands for something unique among the fashionable caravanserais of London.



THE ANNIVERSARY OF SCHILLER'S DEATH, MAY 9: SCHOOL-CHILDREN, IN THE COSTUME OF 1805, ASSEMBLING AT THE VIENNA RATH-HAUS.



HERALDS LEADING THE PROCESSION OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN PAST THE MONUMENT TO SCHILLER AT VIENNA.



THE "DON QUIXOTE" TERCENTENARY AT MADRID: KING ALFONSO'S SPEECH FROM THE ROYAL PAVILION COMMEMORATING THE PUBLICATION OF THE NOVEL IN 1605.



THE CERVANTES CELEBRATION AT MADRID: THE "DON QUIXOTE" WINDMILL-CAR IN THE PROCESSION ILLUSTRATING THE AUTHOR'S WORKS, MAY 8.

SUNLIGHT SOAP



— FOR WASHING HOLLAND IT DELIGHTS THE DUTCH —

SUNLIGHT SOAP

For Holland Dresses, Holland Covers, Holland Blinds, and all Household Washing.

A CLEAN SOAP FOR CLEAN PEOPLE.

LEVER BROTHERS, LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Gibson, the Bishop-designate of Gloucester, has quite recovered from his recent indisposition. His enthronement has been fixed for Thursday, June 15, at Gloucester Cathedral. His former students at Wells Theological College propose to present him with an episcopal ring.

The annual foreign mission service will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, May 30, when the Bishop of London is to preach the sermon, and the Bishops of Southwark and St. Albans are expected to take part in the service.

The Archbishop of York will preside over this week's important meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, at which the future of the Church Congress will be considered. The Bishop of Salisbury, President of the forthcoming Weymouth Congress, has promised to attend.

The Bishop of London is back in town, and was one of the speakers at the annual dinner of the Sons of the Clergy Corporation. He remarked that during his Lenten mission he had found a feeling of missionary enthusiasm, waiting to be awakened, which was strong enough to convert the world. "There is a power of recovery in the Church which will astonish everybody." This year's Festival of the Corporation brought in nearly £2000.

Bishop Wilkinson, whose articles in the *Guardian* describing his recent visit to Russia have attracted so much attention, is now in Brussels, and presided last week over the Conference of Continental Chaplains for North

Europe. The Bishop has been the guest, while in Brussels, of Sir Constantine and Lady Phipps at the British Legation.

Dr. Talbot, the new Bishop of Southwark, will perhaps be remembered in history as the great Bishop-maker. It was largely owing to his efforts, during his tenure of the See of Rochester, that the new diocese was created, and now he has announced that he intends to apply for two Suffragans, one to be allotted to Woolwich and the other to Kingston-on-Thames.

An Australian correspondent of the *Guardian* writes that Church finance is made increasingly difficult owing to the spread of the gambling habit. "Promises of support to stipend fund or church building are more readily made than kept. The idea of work as work does not appeal to large classes in Australia. It is the wages or the reward which is the important thing, and these it is desirable to obtain with the least outlay of energy. . . . Gambling on horse-races is the national sport," and as a result Church interests suffer.

Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") has been taking an active part in the John Knox celebrations.

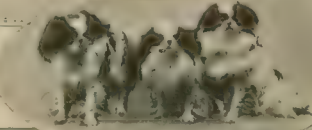
He visited Haddington last week, and delivered an address on the Reformer's life and work. The parish church in which the meeting was held is believed to be one of the buildings in which Knox conducted service.—V.



FIRST PRIZE YORK TERRIER:
MRS. L. WILKINSON'S TINY VICTORIA.



PUG CHAMPION AND TWO FIRSIS:
MISS LITTLE'S QUEEN YANGAHONG.



FIRST PRIZE PEKINGESE: MRS. MILES
TRISTRAM'S JOHNNIE.

MISS
SERENA'S
THREE PRIZE
JAPS.
(See Note
Below.)



TWO FIRSIS AND SPECIAL JAPANESE: MRS. G. LLOYD'S
ROYAL YAMA HITO.

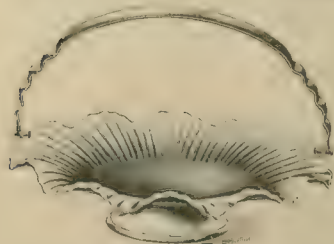
THE TOY-DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: SOME NOTABLE WINNERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.

The dogs in the centre are Fugi of Kobe (five firsts, champion, six specials, and silver cup), Nippon of Kobe (first and special), and Kusa (three seconds and reserve).



Oblong Breakfast Dish, 6½ in. long, with loose inner dish.
Prince's Plate, £5 10s.; Sterling Silver, £15 5s.



Fluted Cake Basket, 10 in., round.
Electro Plate, £1 1s.; Prince's Plate, £1 8s.;
Sterling Silver, £5 15s.



Prince's Plate Revolving Soup Tureen, Fluted.
9 in., £5 10s.; 10 in., £6; 11 in., £7

Mappin & Webb, Ltd.,
And **Mappin Bros.**



Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with Aluminum Top.
One Lamp.
15½ in. by 11½ in., £5 15s.



Chippendale Salvers with Fancy Borders.

	Prince's Plate	Sterling Silver
6 in.,	£1 8 0	£2 2 0
8 "	1 13 0	3 14 0
10 "	2 0 0	5 15 0
12 "	2 12 0	8 8 0
14 "	3 5 0	12 0 0



Registered Design.
"James I." Entrée Dish, 11½ in. long.
Prince's Plate, £3 5s.; Sterling Silver, £10 10s.

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SHOW
ROOMS:

Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

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**QUEEN VICTORIA
STREET, E.C.**

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Place Jardin Public.

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**REGENT
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BELL'S THREE NUNS TOBACCO

In Summer Time

the rich, full-flavoured tobaccos give way to the lighter, more delicately flavoured mixtures. For summer smoking there is no cooler, sweeter mixture than the fragrant "Three Nuns."

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

Both are obtainable everywhere in 1-oz. packets and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins, at 6d. per oz.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES, 4d. per packet of 10.

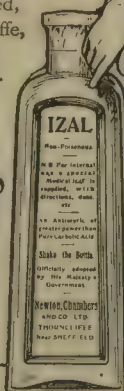


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LADIES' PAGES.

We shall all gladly welcome the return of the Queen to our midst; there seems something wanting when her gracious presence is not in the front of the picture of Society. Her Majesty is expected to return before the end of the month, in time to hold the next Court, and to complete all preparations to receive the King of Spain. We are having an unusual number of royal visitors this season. Still to come are the youthful King of Spain, and the Japanese Prince and Princess who will visit England after representing the Mikado at the wedding of the German Crown Prince. The Duke of Albany, though one of our own Princes under that title, must be regarded, in his other capacity of Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as a visitor; and he has been accompanied on the visit that he has just paid to his mother, the Duchess of Albany, at Esher, by his friend, the second son of the German Emperor, Prince Fritz, who is a great favourite with the German people for his good-nature and vivacity.

An even more interesting fellow-guest for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg was his fiancée, with whom he had the pleasure of spending some time under his mother's chaperonage. All the world loves a lover, and none the less when there is such extreme youth as in this case, for youth is a charm in itself. The Duke is not of age till July next; but such an extremely early wedding as his will be has the happy precedent of the marriage of the grandfather through whom he holds his title, for the late Prince Consort was still six months less than twenty-one years old when he became the husband of Queen Victoria. It was arranged in the marriage settlements of the late Queen and her Prince Consort that in the event of the Prince or his heirs succeeding to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg by reason of his elder brother dying childless (which, in fact, happened), the second son of the marriage between the Queen of England and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg should succeed to the Duchy, the eldest son, of course, being destined for the throne of this great Empire. The Duke of Connaught would now hold the Saxe-Coburg Duchy, but he gave it up to his younger brother's heir, as both the Duke of Connaught and his son, Prince Arthur, preferred to remain Englishmen. They are now more interested than almost anybody in the marriage of the young Duke, as, if he left no heir to the Duchy, it would claim once more the acceptance of the elder English princely line.

Both the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are near relatives of the German Emperor, and this brother of our King and his consort are therefore most appropriately going to represent our royal family at the wedding of the German Crown Prince on June 6. Preparations are now very busy for this event. Rumour states that the Crown Prince has even been so thoughtful as to



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send the chef who is destined to supply the meals of the young couple after their union to stop some weeks in the home of the bride, so as to learn her special tastes in food and cooking. Young girls, however, are not apt to be very particular on that subject. One of the reasons why the table of a young married woman is often unsatisfactory to those who have to sit at it is that she herself does not care enough about her food. Anything that is eatable does for her, and she does not realise that her husband, who is probably a good deal older than she is, and more used to sampling the efforts of many good chefs at his clubs and restaurants, wants not merely "something to eat," but a properly thought-out and well-cooked dinner.

Any circumstance that calls the attention of "elegant females" to the fact that the men for whom they have to cater are not indifferent to their cook's capabilities tends to the promotion of domestic happiness, and it was quite worthy of a royal Duke to open, as the Duke of Connaught did recently, the Food and Cookery Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster. His Royal Highness observed that "nobody need be a gourmand or an epicure to know that a good dinner agreed with one better than a bad dinner. In England we have the best materials of any nation in the world, but perhaps we fail to use them to the best advantage. It was his hope that the exhibition would advance the great art whose practice was so essential to happiness, even in the humblest of homes." That is the right spirit in which to consider the matter. Nothing is beneath the attention of the best intellect and the most refined tastes if it makes for happiness and good health; the end sanctifies the means in the case of good cookery, and when it falls to the lot of any woman to manage the food supply of her household, it is contemptible of her not to do the task as well as possible.

On May 12 the Woman's Suffrage Bill was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Bamford Slack. Last year, when a division was taken, the second reading was carried by a large majority; so to avoid now taking a division became the object of the opponents of the measure, and by protracting the debate on a Bill that had precedence in the afternoon, for putting lights on all vehicles after dark, the time was frittered away. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. T. H. Robertson talked on until the fatal hour was reached at which no more votes could be taken, and so the Woman's Suffrage Bill was "talked out." Mr. Labouchere incidentally mentioned that it is now actually thirty-seven years since Mr. John Stuart Mill first brought this question before the House. Ever since it has been steadfastly worked for in the country, and has gained in the number of its friends in Parliament. But it has now got

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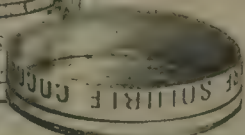
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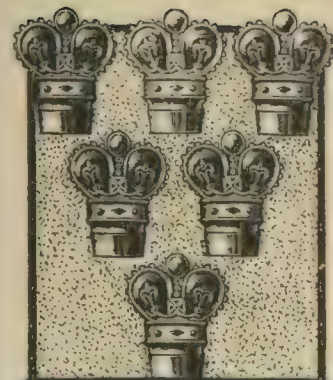
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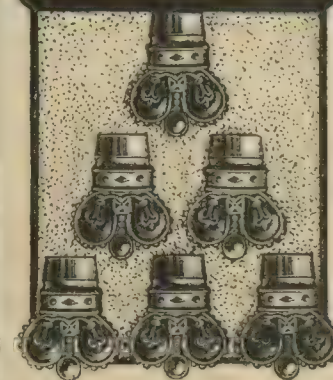


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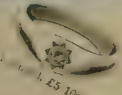
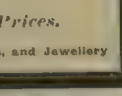
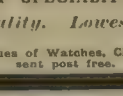
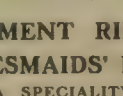
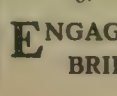
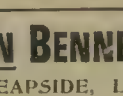
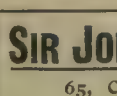
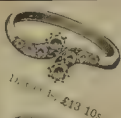
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SEASON JUNE TO SEPTEMBER

into that rut which naturally is worn by movements that linger long on the road. Everything that can be said has been said; the logical aspect of the matter is thrashed out; people's minds have passed the stage of surprise at the novel idea; but while the opposition has thus to a great extent faded away, the Bill fails to obtain any "great shove" that would lift it towards the goal, and friends weary of effort and opponents sneer at the "hardy annual." Meantime, women ardently interest themselves in party politics, and without any power to exercise in their own hands, they organise, labour, and apparently care far more for the success of one or another party than they do for their own sex being admitted to political existence. This last week has seen meetings of the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League, of the Women's Liberal Association, under Lady Aberdeen, and of the Women's Tariff Reform League, under Lady Hester; and the Women's Unionist Association has been invited by Lady Londonderry to a gathering at her home to meet the Prime Minister.

Even so late in the season as this, there is a singular slowness in adopting the new fashions in millinery. We are a conservative-minded people, and Englishwomen are very chary of donning any new thing that will cause them to be "stared at" in the streets. The alterations made by the French designers in the shapes and in the ways of "perching on" of the hats this summer are very sweeping. It was an abrupt jump that they intended from the very flat, low-set head-gear of last year to the tremendously tipped-up and high shapes for this year. We habitually (save for a few leaders of fashion) take up the fashions of Paris in gowns a whole twelvemonth after they have run their course in the city of their origin; but in regard to millinery this is often not the case. Owing to the ease with which a package of hats can be sent over direct, the French designs in that line have more chance of being at once adopted by the ordinary Englishwoman. This year, though the models have duly arrived, the sweeping change seems to have so far frightened most of us. The very up-tilted plateau hats and the saucy tiny round toques, trimmed high aloft, are in the shops, but they still come out but rarely on daring heads. Even Bond Street shows more of them in the windows than in carriages or on the pavement. The hats that are really getting worn are English interpretations of the Paris models; just as we usually do with the gowns that are sent over, we are compelling the more startling details in the new headgear to be modified for our use. Next year, when Paris is going on to something new, we shall probably be accepting the flat hats set up like a precipice from the brow to the crown of the head, or enormously tilted over above the left ear by be-trimmed, deep bandeaux, and the tiny "polo" toques, round as a pork-pie and but little larger than a bird's nest, perched to the right



A WALKING GOWN WITH A NEW TRIMMING.

Embroidered linen bands are here used to trim a dress in fine face cloth of a pale shade. The linen bands are nearly the same colour as the cloth, but there is a white waistcoat.

of the head. At present, save for the trimming being put on higher, we are actually wearing hats not very unlike those of last summer.

Most popular, I think, are the new tricorne shapes, where the gradual upward slope of the sides from the front to the back makes the rise of the trimming behind less obtrusive than is the flat surface of a plateau, tipped up from behind like a precipice. The flower-covered or feathered bandeau at the back is pretty from the back view; but we do not as yet like it to make a very great difference in the set of the hat on the head as seen from the front. Another popular shape that is really being worn is a torpedo form, sitting quite square and comfortably on the top of the head, but trimmed with a rather high spike of flowers and twists of ribbon or with a marabout plume or two just behind the left ear. Then, again, a small, rather oval shape that is being very successful with well-dressed women, has the left side of the straw shape curled up so as to extend right over on to the top of the hat, covering half the crown, a trimmed bandeau beneath resting prettily on the hair, and the top not much trimmed. Such a hat in purple straw, with pansies on the bandeau, and twisted heliotrope tulle and a very few more of the flowers on the top, was very successfully worn. Close beside it was another new hat in palest green crinoline, a "mushroom" in shape, with a wide brim and a flat crown, very like last year's shapes, though obviously new; this was trimmed all round the crown with a ruche of cock's feathers dyed in just the same colour, and the cache-peigne, which did not throw the hat forward much, was covered with lime-green satin bows and pink roses. Another of the flat-shaped hats sitting straight on the head was in rose-coloured straw, trimmed with a wreath of most natural-looking pink roses and plenty of green foliage, and with the puffs of a lace scarf, which fell over the back of the hat and was gathered up in dainty pleats on the cache-peigne. Turban or polo toques are pretty and stylish when worn by smart young women, and a few are actually being bought.

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THE NEW GALLERY.

The New Gallery had of old its separate and supplementary uses; for in Regent Street might be seen the work of more than one painter of distinction who did not exhibit at Burlington House. Burne-Jones, who had the proper pride to resign the secondary honours of his Associateship when years of waiting did not bring him the full Academic membership, exhibited only at the New Gallery for a series of years; and his contributions did at least give a distinct character to walls that have of late become as commonplace as those of that great asylum of mediocrity—the Royal Academy. Indeed, it has been said that the depths of the New Gallery are lower than those of the Academy, that what is worse at Burlington House is not so bad as the most unfortunate of works at the New Gallery; and some few canvases shown here compel us to join in this severest form of disparage.

In its strength, as well as in its weakness, is the New Gallery but a minor repetition of the year's bigger show. Here Mr. Sargent sends pictures of less than first importance; here is a slight work from Mr. Austen Brown, whose chief pictures are in Piccadilly; here the fashionable portrait and fashionable landscape are only less insistent and less brilliant than at Burlington House—certainly not more to be forgiven; and here, most to be lamented of all, are the pictures of empty symbol and ugly paint—the "subject" or "figure pieces"; and, in these, the New Gallery excels, overpowering even Academic competition.

Thus it is that much the same triumphs and failures are monotonously at both galleries. But let it be said that Mr. Wetherbee is, if possible, more successful in his New Gallery pictures than in those at the Academy, and if the presence of Mr. Wetherbee's

delightful landscapes is the distinguishing feature of the exhibition, let us add, in justice to the hanging committee, that they have realised this in according important and central positions on the line to Mr. Wetherbee's work, both in the West Room and in the North Room. We will, however, balance this praise with fault-finding. M. Blanche's portrait of Mrs. Bertram J. Lang is hung in so

admitting Mr. Havard Thomas's statue, "Lycidas," rejected from Burlington House for no better reason, it seems, than that it was unusual in design and treatment. We do not hail this figure as a work of genius or even of originality, for it is but one expression among many of a general wave of renaissance of a certain intimate type of classic feeling. If not a work of genius, it is yet a work of quite unusual merit. The austerity and moderation of its lines, the apt observation shown in the modelling, and the unstrained character of the figure as a whole—despite the bending of both knees—are qualities so rare that Burlington House can make an equal claim to them. For Mr. Havard

Thomas his rejection has been a unique advantage. After exhibiting for many years at the Royal Academy, it is the outcast "Lycidas" which has made him famous, and revealed him to an applauding body of critics who had not sufficient industry to discover his work when it was made welcome at Burlington House.

Mr. Stott has captured not a little of the gentle beauty of interior light in his "Cider Harvest"; but the interest of the composition is not sufficiently central, the eye wandering hither and thither without finding a place of rest. The same artist's "The Birdcage" is perhaps the better though less ambitious picture, for in it Mr. Stott has given himself entirely to the rendering of colour, showing himself true of eye. Mr. George Henry, who has made such a notable success at the Royal Academy, shows in his "Satin Gown" a certain sense of tone; but he has paid too little attention to his technique, and the result is a coarse though powerful piece of painting. Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., has two interesting landscapes in the West Room. Mr. Adrian Stokes has made a notable success in his "Afternoon in a Forest," a picture distinguished in style and excellently well painted; Mr. Sydney Lee's "The Cathedral Doorway" hangs near by, and has the fascination of an



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Photos, Topham Press.

dark and so high a place that the visitor may only guess the fact that this is a particularly interesting canvas, but must remain without much conviction of opinion concerning it, so uncertain is his sight of it. Many sins of admission on the committee's part must be negated by the merit of

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acute piece of realism in the painting of the glimpse of the dark interior seen from the unshadowed daylight outside the Cathedral. The "Chou Bleu," in the same room, reinstates Mr. Lavery, its painter, as an intelligent as well as a devout follower of Whistler. Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., triumphs, with his untamed ease, in his portrait of Miss Kitty Shannon. This is a canvas not fraught with feeling; but it is covered by a painter possessing a mastery of composition and, still more, a mastery of brushwork. Personally we favour the more original flesh-painting in the admirable portrait of a girl praised in our article on Burlington House.

W. M.

In order to increase the convenience of visitors to the many interesting and pleasant holiday resorts on their line, the Great Northern Railway Company have issued a beautifully compiled guide to hotels and furnished lodgings in farmhouses and seaside and country villages in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, etc. The particulars are explained in a most lucid and interesting manner, the house or hotel being described as fully as possible, together, where the information is available, with its accommodation and the features of interest in the neighbourhood. This list will greatly aid the problem of holiday house-hunting.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

For some reason or another it is still expected in many quarters that a battle will take place between Rozhdestvensky and Togo before many days. There are, however, several reasons why it is quite as likely that the action may be delayed for some time—if it is ever fought at all. As has already been explained, it is not to the interest of the Japanese Admiral to force an engagement, except in certain given circumstances which may not arise. Moreover, there is a correlation between the action of the army and the action of the fleet, and it is quite possible we may hear any day that Vladivostok has been cut off in the same way that Port Arthur was. If this is likely to happen, it will certainly be known to Togo, and he could then desire nothing better than that Rozhdestvensky should take his ships into that port, to be blockaded there, as Stark, Makharoff, and Wittholt were in the southern harbour. It is true, however, that Vladivostok is far from presenting similar features to those at Port Arthur. It is much easier of egress and ingress, and much harder to block either by means of ships or mines. If Togo permits his opponent to make the entrance without a fight, we may be quite sure that it is in furtherance of some plan of conjoint naval and

military operations which have been well thought out and prepared for by the higher authorities in Yeddo.

All the previous comparisons of the relative strength of the two fleets require considerable modification now that Nebogatoff has effected a junction with his senior officer, and, in addition, it is highly probable that the two armoured cruisers from Vladivostok are on their way to strengthen the Russian fleet. But these additions to Rozhdestvensky's force will necessarily delay action, since they will have to be coaled and provisioned before the combined armada can start on its long journey northwards. It is probable that this is the real explanation of the long wait which the Russian Admiral has made off the Annamite coast. It would almost seem as if the concentration thereabouts had been decided upon long before, and this is significant, if true, of more method in movements and arrangements than has hitherto characterised Russian naval administration.

It seems to be almost too soon to speculate upon the tactical conditions which may govern the approaching conflict. Each fleet now consists of a certain number of every type of war-ship, the Russians having an apparent advantage in battle-ships and fleet scouts, while the Japanese are superior in armoured cruisers and torpedo craft. The circumstance, too, that Togo is near his bases will benefit

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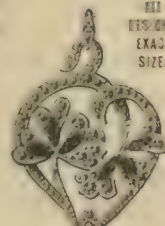
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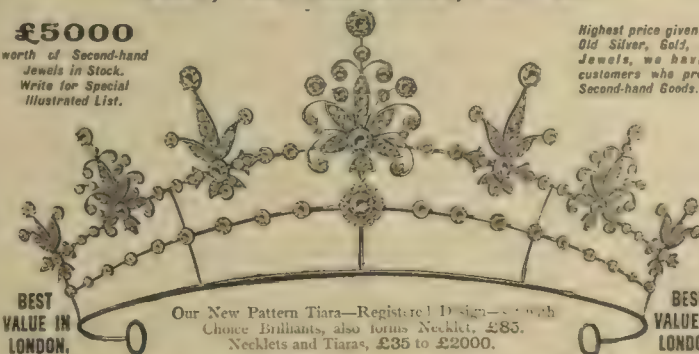


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... such a battle should take place; but if any indication
... can be gathered from the previous conflicts, Togo
... will fight with his armoured cruisers and battle-ships
... in line ahead, at long range, striving by concentrated
... fire on particularly specified ships to disorganise the
... dispositions, and render them vulnerable to
... torpedo attack after dark.

The general prosperity of the Dominion of Canada,
according to the latest advices, is being well main-
tained. The Finance Minister's presentation of the
annual financial statement will very shortly be made.
In this connection it is interesting to note that since
Mr. Fielding's acceptance of office, a period of eight
months showing a surplus varying from 2,000,000 dollars
to 14,000,000 dollars. The returns for the nine months
ending March 31 show an excess of revenue over expendi-
ture of more than 12,710,000 dollars. From the Office
of the Commissioner of Emigration, 11 and 12, Charing
Cross, London, S.W., is now being issued a new and
attractive pamphlet entitled "Farms and Farmers."

MUSIC.

GRAND OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

At the Royal Opera House during the past week the
second performance of the "Ring" Cycle has claimed
most attention; but there have been two evenings of
special interest that call for notice here. "Lohengrin"
has been given under Dr. Richter's direction in manner
worthy the best tradition of the house; indeed, it may
be doubted whether London has ever heard the beau-
tiful opera rendered so evenly. It goes without saying
that Dr. Richter's part of the work was marked in
precision and sympathy. We are accustomed to look to the veteran
conductor for a revelation of the master's most subtle
moods; we know that he will bring out what is best
in the orchestra and on the stage in a combination
that seems to be almost his own. Perhaps the special
attraction of the first performance of "Lohengrin" was
the all-round excellence of the leading singers. There
were occasions when one or two have been super-
latively good, and the others have been dwarfed by them.
Last week all achieved a high degree of excellence. Herr
Hörold sang finely and acted with distinction; both
vocally and dramatically Frau Knüpfel-Igli was one
with him; Henry the Fowler found a stately representa-
tive in Herr Hinckley, whose voice rang true through
the most trying passages; and Herr Soomer's Herald
left nothing to be desired. Madame Kirkby Lunn sang

the Ortrud music as well as ever, and infused into the part
a measure of tenderness and sympathy that has some-
times been to seek in her interpretation. And the chorus
strove in most tuneful fashion with its allotted task.

From "Lohengrin" to "Don Pasquale" is a far
cry, and many of us were hardly prepared for the
remarkable success of the revival. Wagner is the
negation of Donizetti; it might be thought that
the two masters could not thrive side by side; and yet
"Don Pasquale," for all its florid music that often sounds
cheap and insincere, gave the house no dull moment.
It was finely rendered. MM. Gilbert and Maurel were
sincerely gay and gaily sincere, entering into the spirit
of comedy that lies in the music and action. Mlle.
Bosetti's Norina sparkled like a diamond of the finest
water; her voice seemed to dance through the showy,
florid passages. Signor Bravi was in good voice, and
showed none of the nervousness that affected his per-
formance as the Conte d'Almaviva; and Signor Man-
cinelli presided over the performance in fashion that
showed a complete appreciation of the high spirits that
permeate it.

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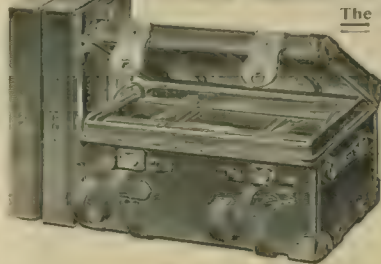
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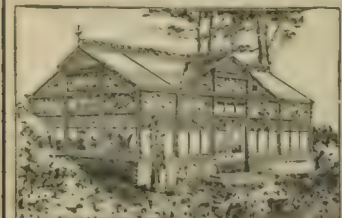
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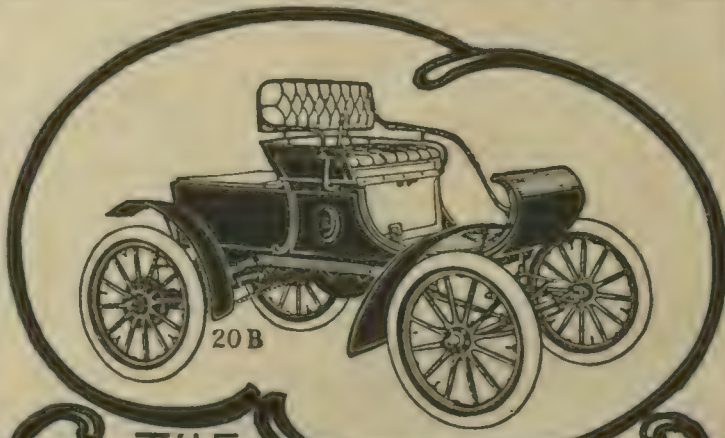
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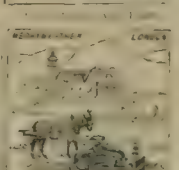
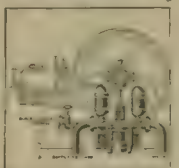
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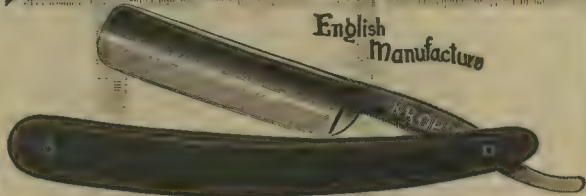
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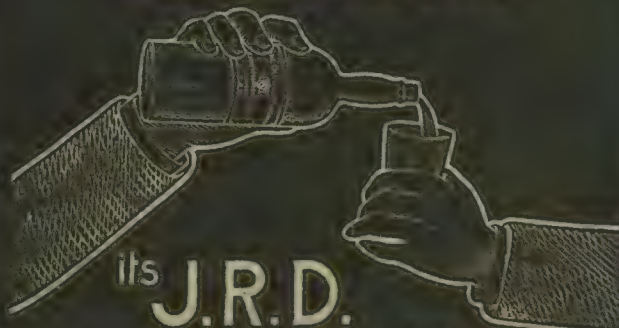
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The will (dated Aug. 15, 1904) of Mr. ROBERT HENRY HURST, D.L., of Horsham Park, Horsham, Recorder of Rye and Hastings, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on May 4 by Mrs. Matilda Jane Hurst,

the widow, and Arthur Reginald Hurst, the son, the value of the estate being £153,468. The testator gives to his wife the use of his mansion-house; to his daughters, Matilda Dorothea and Beatrice Augusta, the use of Causeway House, all the furniture therein, and £1000 each; to his son Cecil James Barrington Hurst the farms and lands called Northlands; and to his son Arthur Reginald all manors, tithes, lands, and premises in Sussex, Oxford, and Gloucester, with the farm-stock and crops, and a policy of insurance on his life. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated April 15, 1898) of SIR EDWARD FLEET ALFORD, of 26, the Boltons, South Kensington, who died on March 18, has just been proved by Dame Jane Eliza Helen Nathalie Alford, the widow, the Rev. Josiah George Alford, the brother, and William John Robertson, the value of the estate being £58,692. The testator leaves £40,000, in trust, for his wife for

life and then for his children, and the residue of his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated April 21, 1880) of Mr. STEPHEN WILLIAM SILVER, of 3, York Gate, Regent's Park, and Letcombe Manor, near Wantage, who died on March 7, was proved on May 5 by Mrs. Sarah Constance Silver, the widow, and William Manley, the value of the estate being £83,462. Subject to a legacy of £1000 to Mr. Manley, the testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 4, 1902) of the RIGHT HON. JAMES, NINTH EARL OF SOUTHBESK, K.T., of Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, who died on Feb. 21, granted to the Earl of Elgin, Samuel Henry Romilly, and the Rev. Henry Holmes Stewart, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £56,296.

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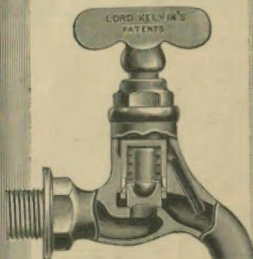
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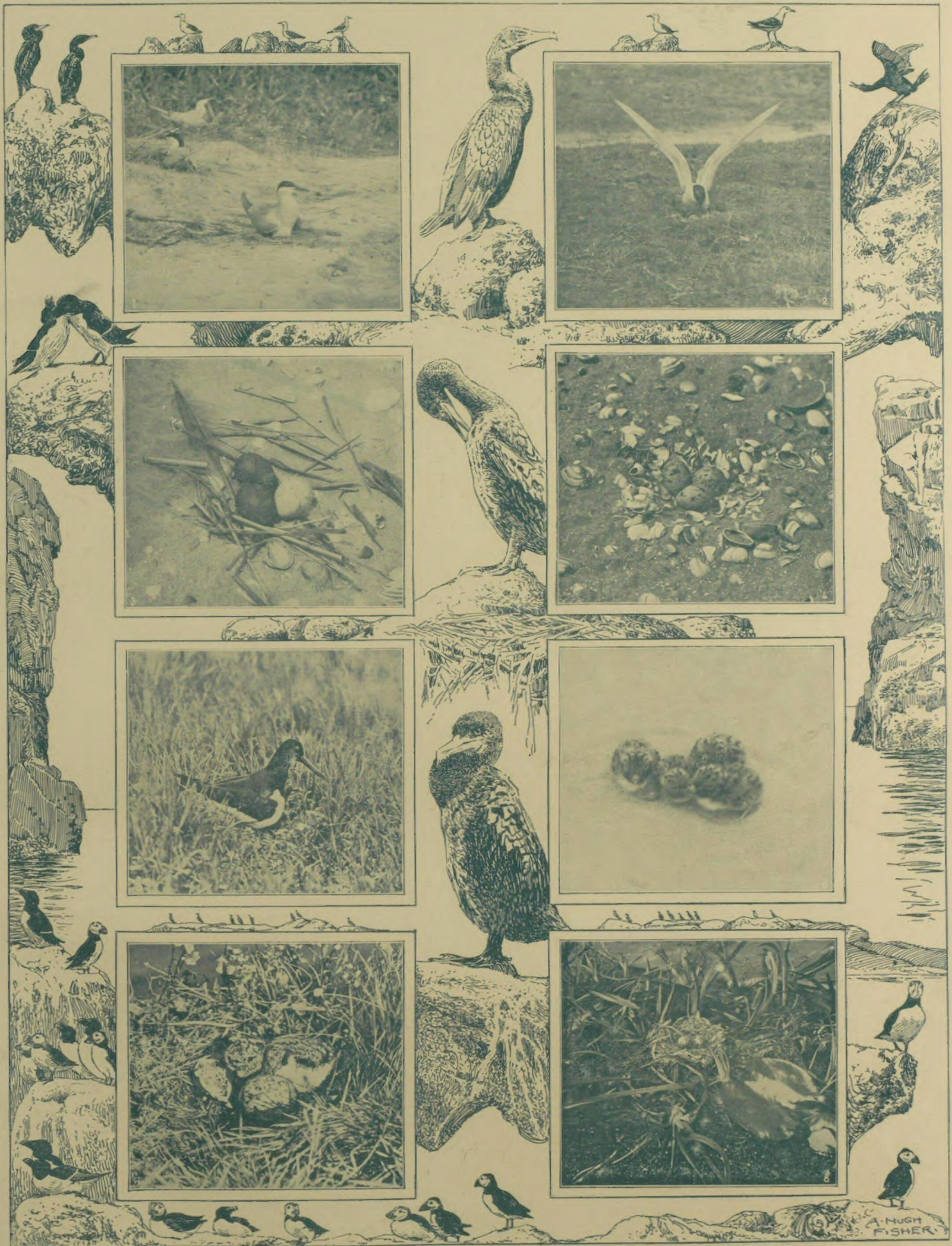
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MORE BRITISH BIRDS AT HOME: NESTING WITH THE CAMERA.

SEVEN COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. SMITH WHITING; ONE BY MR. THOMAS TAIT. BORDER DESIGN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. COMMON TERN ON THEIR NESTS.

3. THE COMMON TERN'S NEST AND EGGS.

5. THE OYSTER-CATCHER ON ITS NEST.

7. THE OYSTER-CATCHER EN FAMILIE: THE CHICK AND NEST.

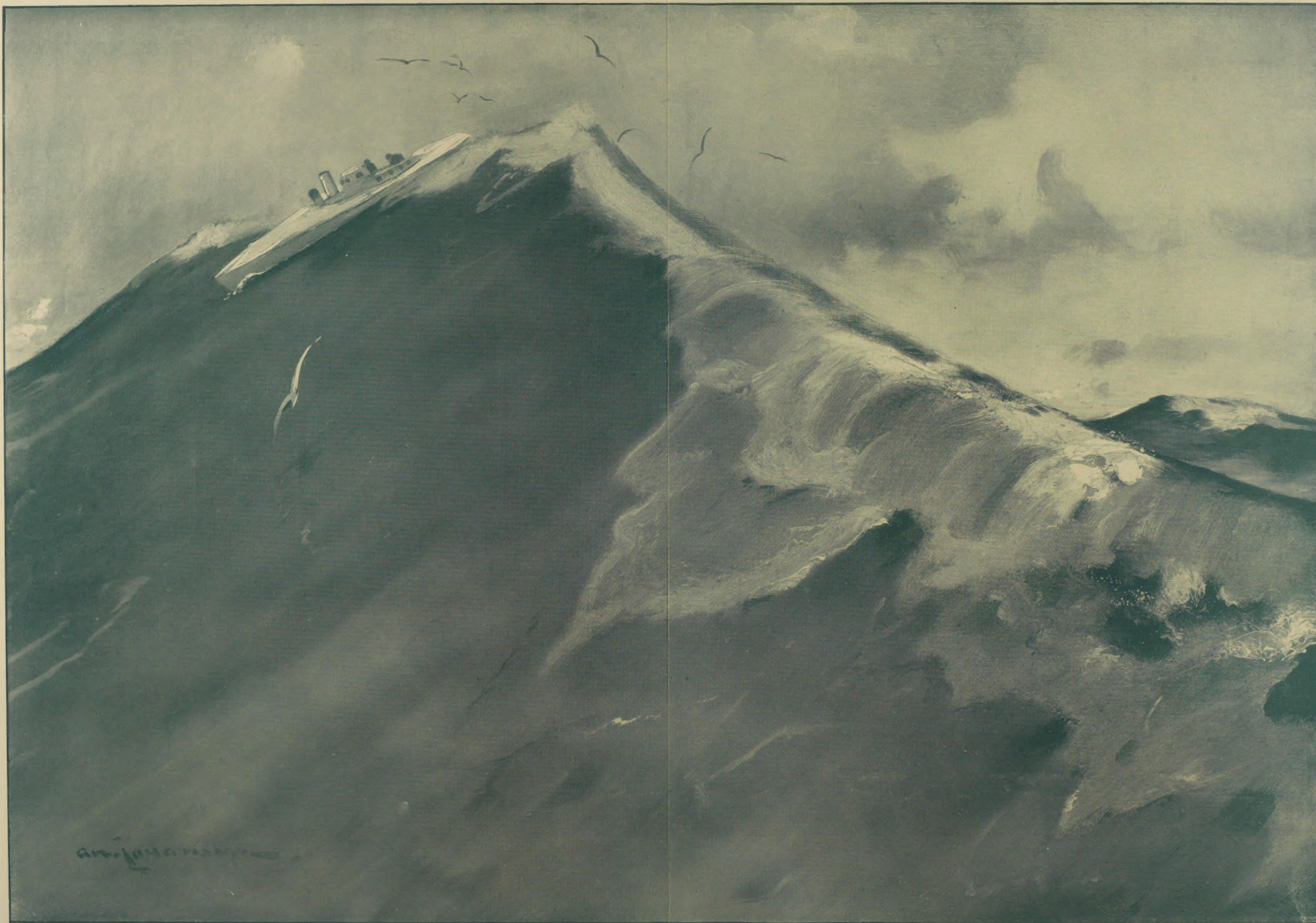
2. THE ARCTIC TERN RETURNING TO NEST.

4. THE NEST AND EGGS OF THE LESSER TERN.

6. YOUNG OF THE TERN.

8. THE BLACK TERN'S NEST AND EGGS.

Owing to the success of the series of photographs of nesting birds which we published last week, and in response to many letters, we continue the subject, and hope to return to it again in an early number. Of the tern or sea-swallow about seventy-five species are recognized by ornithologists. Its characteristic coloration is snow-white, sometimes rose-tinted, with pearly blue mantle and a jet-black cap. The eggs, two or three in number and heavily spotted, are usually laid on the ground, more rarely on a frail nest on bushes, sometimes on marsh grass. The oyster-catcher, a wading-bird, feeds on oysters and other molluscs. Its plumage is parti-coloured white and black or entirely blackish. In order to photograph these, the elaborate precautions with dummy cameras which we described last week had to be taken.



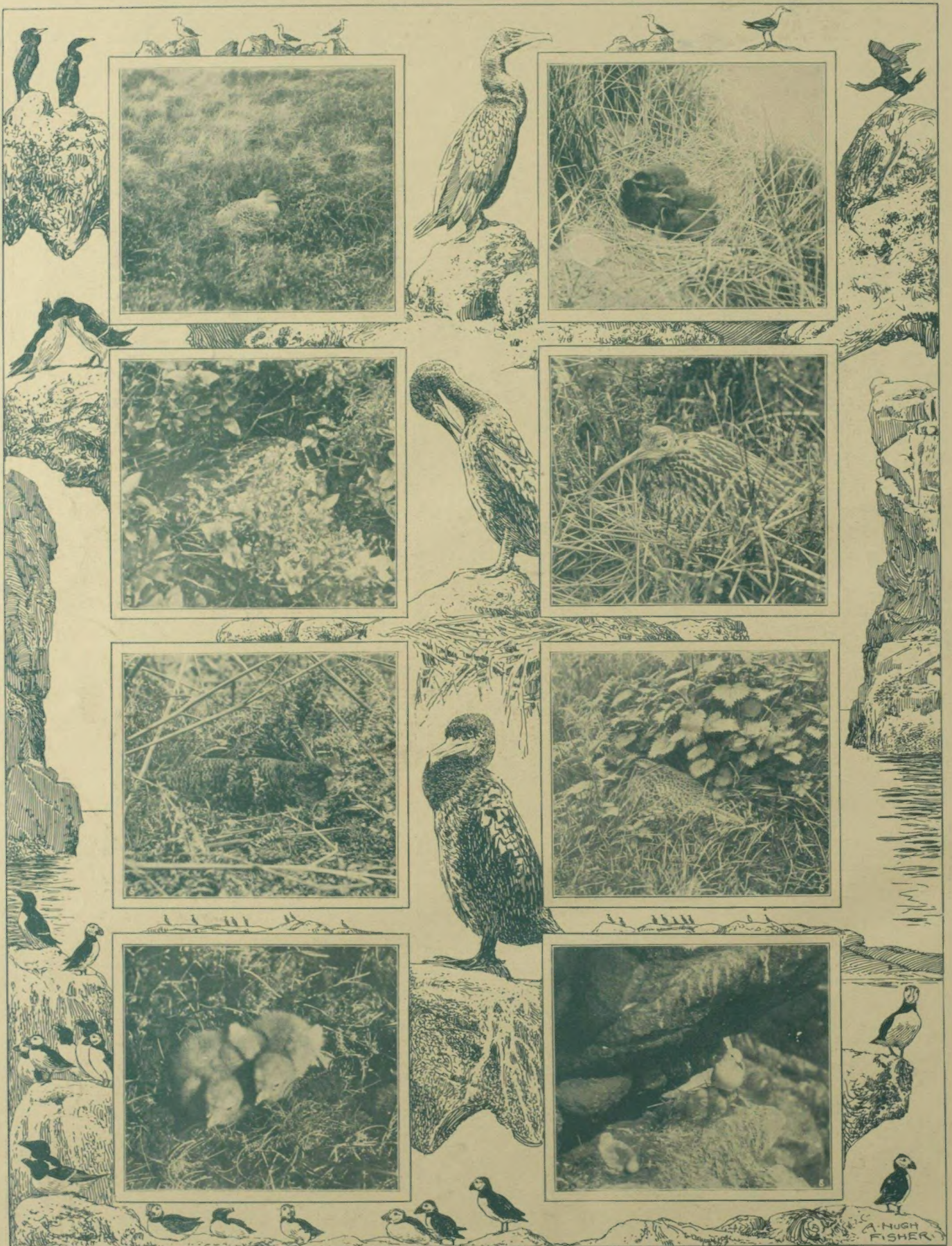
WORSE THAN THE MEDITERRANEAN: ATLANTIC STORM AND STRESS THE MOTOR-BOATS MUST ENCOUNTER DURING THE PROPOSED RACE TO AMERICA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHANSSON.

The forthcoming motor-boat race across the Atlantic will put the automobile craft to a far greater strain than they encountered, with disastrous results, during last week's race from Algiers to Toulon. Our Artist's design gives realistic emphasis to the tremendous disproportion between the forces of nature and the powerful but frail craft that are soon to tempt the rigours of Atlantic weather. After the Mediterranean, however, it is at least doubtful if the trans-Atlantic race will be held.

MORE BRITISH BIRDS AT HOME: NESTING WITH THE CAMERA.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. THOMAS TAIT; BORDER DESIGN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. THE EIDER DUCK ON NEST.

3. THE WOODCOCK COVERING EGGS.

5. THE BLACK GROUSE HEN ON NEST.

7. YOUNG OF THE GREAT SKUA; TAKEN IN SHETLAND.

2. THE YOUNG OF THE EIDER DUCK.

4. ONE OF THE FINEST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF THE CURLEW ON NEST.

6. PHEASANT HEN ON NEST.

8. THE KITTIWAKE AND YOUNG.

Mr. Tait's fine photograph of the curlew was taken by aid of a friendly keeper who walked past the nest daily. The keeper took up a position with the western sun on his back at 6 p.m. on a May evening. The operator was only an arm's length distant from the nest, and Madame Curlew, although trembling visibly, sat still for fifteen seconds. Much in the same manner Mr. Tait secured the photographs of the Eider duck, black grouse, and woodcock. The pheasants were the most difficult subjects, but the example given was stalked in a quiet field. The kittiwakes had to be got by climbing the rocks.